The Strangers part 2

by

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Over black there are THREE KNOCKS.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

An OLD WOMAN opens her eyes staring up at the ceiling.

The room is almost pitch black. The only light shining is a barely vague trace of sodium vapor from the windows.

She takes a shallow breath as the silence returns to her world. For a moment she does nothing but listen.

KNOCK.

OLD WOMAN
(whispers)
Bob....Bob.

Beside the woman, her husband lies, sleeping soundly.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Bob.

The old man turns over, his bones CRACKING. She can see his eyes trying to open.

BOB
(whispers)
I didn't take the Viagra.

OLD WOMAN
(shaking her head.)
They're back.

BOB
Who's back.

OLD WOMAN
I heard the knocking.

BOB
You can barely hear the TV.

OLD WOMAN
That's 3 nights in a row.

BOB
There ain't nobody out there.

Again they hear a sound. A slight BOOM.

OLD WOMAN
Well go tell "Nobody" to get off our porch.

BOB
I got to get up in three hours to take my shot.

OLD WOMAN
You're not in the neighborhood watch if you don't watch anything.

BOB
(whispers)
What neighborhood watch? That's what Jimmy's for.

For a moment, there is nothing. Bob has won the argument. She watches her husband roll over, the sleep regaining the fight for his eyes.

The old woman sits up, staring at the door way. Outside the wind moves across the roof, the walls. She listens to it calm. Then there is nothing but silence again.

KNOCK.

There is a slight GASP that barely escapes her cracked, wrinkled lips. The old woman's hands move to her side. There is an oxygen table beside her. Without ever breaking her trance from the door, she places the tubes around her face.

We listen as the air fills her lungs. She slowly stands.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

There is a SQUEAKING wheel, SCREECHING as she moves the cannister behind her. She can see a porch light through the window. It is almost like a star drawing her through the darkened shadows of her living room.

INT. HOUSE - DOORWAY

We watch her face peer outside the dusty window. She sees the blackness before. There is nothing.

For a moment we hear only silence.

OLD WOMAN
Is anybody there?

The wheels CREAK. The air fill her lungs.

The old woman turns back towards the bedroom, silently navigating through the shadows. Her oxygen trails behind her as she moves slowly back towards the hall.

We watch her disappear, the living room once again empty.

The wheels SCREECHING.

She is almost back inside the bedroom.

VOICE (O.S.)
Is Tamara home?

The sound is nothing but a whisper.

The room sits frozen as we stare at the hall.

Finally, we see the woman return, her body moving slowly, one step pushing past the next.

Once again the warm light guides her back through the blackness. Once again she approaches the window.

INT. HOUSE - DOORWAY

OLD WOMAN
Who's out there?

There is only silence.

A deep drag of air fills the tubes. She reaches out, checking the locks one by one. Her brittle thin skin trembling slightly.

She turns back, slowly feeling the lamp beside the couch. With one flip of the switch, the room suddenly glows.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
Bob. Bob, come out here.

She stares at the hallway. Waiting for her husband. She hears his feet as they slide off the bed, she hears him begin the slow walk down the hall.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
Bring your flash light.

BOB (O.S.)
Alright, alright...

The old woman stands, taking a deep breath. She rests her weight on the cannister like it is a cane. Silence.

Behind her in the kitchen, they are watching.

Their Masks staring lifelessly across the room.

For a moment, all is still.

<u>And then the Man in the Mask walks forward.</u>

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

A young hand grabs a box pushing it inside the truck as the night sky hovers above.

LUKE, 17, young and fairly handsome, grabs the last of the cardboard cubes labeled with his name. He does not look up at his father's weary eyes as he climbs into the sea of boxes.

The boy does not say a word as he slides to his knees.

KINSEY, hardly breaking into her TEENS, takes a sleeping bag and squeezes into the small crawl space between the piles. Young looking even for her age, she lays flat against the metal, making a tiny resting place for herself.

Inside the cab their mother, CINDY, sits with her head resting against the window. A tear falls down her face.

Everyone is tired, their bodies beaten down by a long day.

SLAM. MIKE finishes clamping down the U-Haul trailer on the hitch. He checks the tailgate then moves to the mailbox, making sure it is empty.

The teenagers never look up at the OFFICER who is watching them. The man stomps out a cigarette on the gravel by their driveway.

Mike never looks at him either as he lifts the cell phone to his ear. For a moment, the office stands waiting, watching the father make once last whispered call.

Then finally, Mike is forced to walk back over.

Luke and Kinsey study the stars, their backs wedged inside the family’s makeshift moving van. They listen to their Dad’s words as he leans across the police cruiser, signing the last of the papers the officer has handed over.

MIKE
You like your job?

OFFICER
Mike, I like it as much as you liked yours. It’s not about liking it. It’s about money. I go where they tell me.

A quick SLAP of the papers as Mike passes them across the dusty hood.

MIKE
15 years...

He turns from the officer, from the truck and looks back at the empty middle class home. Even in the dark, the foreclosure sign is still visible at the door. Even in the shadows, he sees the sign that says “Evicted” plastered across the wood.

He smiles through his teeth as he turns back to the road.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Well....Fuck you.

OFFICER
Fuck you too man.

MIKE
Say Hi to Kathy for me.

The two men shake hands. Mike walks back to the truck, pausing only to touch Kinsey’s hair as she watches him.

INT. TRUCK BED

Two kids with the same brown hair sit listening as their father closes the door. For a moment there is silence. They hear the officer climb inside his car. Then soon, everything is still.

KINSEY
(whispers)
Why doesn’t he just drive away?

LUKE
He’s gotta watch us leave.

She looks over at her brother beside her in the pickup’s metal bed. Even in the darkness, she can see the tears in his eyes as he stares up into the sky.

The diesel RUMBLES to life. The truck gently shaking. Kinsey reaches down and touches Luke’s hand as they sit, waiting to leave their childhood home behind.

KINSEY
I can hear Mom crying.

LUKE
Good.

KINSEY
Don’t say that.

LUKE
It’s their fault.

KINSEY
No it ain’t.

The truck falls into gear. Kinsey looks up, through the glass she sees her mother's eyes as she stares back to the house.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
I wanna look at the house one last time.

LUKE
Why?

KINSEY
I want to remember it.

LUKE
Fuck this.

Suddenly, the truck pushes forward and the young woman raises up. Luke spins, rising, his back to the house. He pushes past the boxes. He grabs his sister, holding her down.

KINSEY
Get off me. Get off.

But Luke does not. The young man is not angry. She can see it in his face. He can barely keep himself together.

LUKE
Do what I say...

KINSEY
No.

Kinsey stares up at her brother as she starts to cry. The truck rolls forward, turning onto the street. In the mirror, Luke catches his father's eyes.

LUKE
They took it away from us.

Kinsey tries to fight as they pick up speed.

KINSEY
You're an asshole.

LUKE
Just listen to me.

She can see the wind brush back her brother's hair from his sweaty forehead. She sees his chin trembling.

She falls back to the floor.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Fuck them.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

The truck moves through the empty small town streets. It passes the lake as the water sits like glass beside the road.

The city is sleeping.

The family drives past rows and rows of houses. Empty windows, abandoned problems.

A town dying.

INT. TRUCK BED (MOVING)

Luke and Kinsey ride in silence. Above their heads blinking stoplights have replaced stars.

Over and over their faces break through the shadows and then disappear again as the street lights thin out and are replaced with a blanket of tree branches.

KINSEY
Did they say where we're stayin'?

LUKE
Grandma's.

KINSEY
No... tonight?

Through a small window of boxes, Luke sits watching her. Their eyes lock together through the sea of cardboard.

LUKE
I don't know.

INT. TRUCK - CAB

Mike waits as a coal train pushes through the edge of town. His wife peers out the window. For a moment, neither of them speak.

There is nothing to say.

Mike reaches over to the ashtray, pulls out a small can of dip and pinches out a little. He grabs a Styrofoam cup from the floorboard, spits the extra juice inside.

He still hears her CRYING, but his eyes stay focused on the road.

CINDY
You said "fuck off"?

MIKE
Sure did.

She smiles through the silence.

CINDY
Good. Fuck'em all.

Mike laughs at his wife's words, and after a moment of hesitation, he puts his hand on her thigh.

The red flashing lights soon fade, and the road blocks slowly rise back to the sky as the train disappears in the distance. As the truck pushes forward, Mike watches as they pass the High School, the football stadium.

In the rearview mirror, he sees the lights from the field bathe the back of the truck, he sees it fill their son's face.

CINDY (CONT'D)
They can't ride there all the way.

MIKE
I ain't gonna let'em. Luke just wanted to tonight. I didn't wanna fight again.

CINDY
He's mad.

MIKE
He's a prick.

CINDY
You're a prick.

MIKE
I am a prick. Maybe I was complimenting him? You think of that?

CINDY
He's just scared Mike.

MIKE
Either way...I clear out the back seat, and their asses are gonna be in here with us tomorrow.

CINDY
Well, all of y'all are gonna behave.

Mike nods his head as they turn for the main road. Soon, the lanes widen, the trees scattering beside them.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Are we gonna stay at the Holiday Inn?

MIKE
I...not tonight.

CINDY
Where we gonna go then?

MIKE
I called Frank...when we were leaving.

CINDY
What did Frank have to say about it?

MIKE
He said his place still has water. He thinks its got electricity too.

He spits in the cup, letting the Styrofoam wipe away his chin.

CINDY
We got those things back at our house.

MIKE
It ain't our house anymore. I'm not gonna get kicked out of my own home twice. Not tonight.

Cindy turns a skeptical eye towards her husband.

CINDY
Are you serious?

MIKE
You got any money? I don't...

CINDY
Mike?

MIKE
It's only one night.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

The boxes full of dishes and clothes begin to tremble as the truck pulls off the asphalt into the gravel. Kinsey looks up as they pull to a stop next to the glowing sign.

KINSEY
What's he doing?

LUKE
(sarcastically)
Taking care of us.

KINSEY
We're staying here?

LUKE
Get used to it. You think Iowa's gonna be better?

They rise up from their hiding places. Mike steps out of the truck as the diesel HUMS.

A large chain link fence stretches hundreds of yards in either direction. Signs marking "Foreclosed" and "Keep Out" fill the over grown lawn.

On the other side sits a sea of empty trailers in the darkness.

KINSEY
Dad, nobody lives here.

MIKE
Well there'll be somebody here tonight.

He walks into the warm beams of the headlights. He finds the lock broken away, the bits and pieces sitting on the ground.

CINDY
There's probably druggies inside.

Kinsey stands up, throwing her arms onto the roof of the truck.

KINSEY
(nodding)
Druggies.

Mike pushes open the gate. He looks back at the family, squinting his eyes in the bright burning glow. He sees their worried faces staring back at him.

MIKE
Does anybody wanna sleep in the truck? It's 10:30. I gotta show up in 10 hours and pick up my last paycheck. Until then, this is what we can afford.

He walks back towards them, but Cindy slides over to the driver's side. She rolls down the window.

CINDY
Just get the gate.

Mike looks down, for a brief moment, his embarrassment breaking through. He locks eyes with Luke for a moment, then looks away as the engine HUMS.

INT. TRAILER PARK

There are hundreds of them. White, yellow, blue and tan. Each lined up with tiny driveways. Each with tiny yards.

It is like a mini city. Every direction, all around, there are trailers and abandoned lots heading off to the distance.

Each one empty, deserted.

The children stare as the truck moves through the empty park. They pass street signs, stop signs...in the center of “town” there was an underground pool that now sits stagnant.

It is like a maze.

INT. TRUCK BED (MOVING)

Luke and Kinsey lean against the cab, their hands resting on the faded roof of the truck.

KINSEY
Where are we gonna stay?

LUKE
I don’t know. He wanted Tim’s Dad’s number today.

KINSEY
Tim’s house smells like weed.

LUKE
How you know what weed smells like?

KINSEY
Cause I can smell your room.

LUKE
Shut up.

Some yards were more carefully cleaned out than others. A few bicycles still sit chained to the fence. There are even a couple of trampolines, plastic pools, soccer balls. Things left behind.

KINSEY
My friend Casey lived there.

She points out a set of pink curtains in a small window as the light from the truck passes across a corner trailer.

They wind deeper and deeper into the ghost town.

Soon the sound of traffic from the road is gone.

All that is left is the RUMBLE of the diesel as they pull up to a faded double wide. Mike rolls down the window one last time.

MIKE
Is this it? Luke?

LUKE
Home sweet home.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER

The thin metal door SLAPS against the wall as Mike jiggles his keys in his hands. His shadow falls across the brown shag carpet.

He flips the light switch, but the room remains dark.

Stepping inside, one by one, his family follows him. The switch is flipped back and forth again and again.

Each time the results are the same.

CINDY
Wonderful Mike.

The house is torn apart. Everywhere you turn, there are signs of a life left behind. Cindy sets down her 40 ounce big gulp on the empty TV stand. Even in the darkness, Mike can hear her EXHALE. He knows the sound.

MIKE
There are candles in the U-Haul.

CINDY
He didn't pay the bills when he lived here. What made you think he did it this month?

MIKE
Look, after the company lost this place, most of these people just packed up and left. I just thought we could...

CINDY
Live like homeless people?

The adults lock eyes, sharing a silent argument.

MIKE
Check the water.

His wife stands in the kitchen, her sad tired face leaning over the sink.

CINDY
Well, there's still food in here.
Was this your plan for dinner?

Mike does not respond, somewhere in the darkness, Luke LAUGHS.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Let's just grab our things.

She flips the handle as her husband leaves to the sound of the screen door SLAMMING.

To her great surprise, water pours out onto the mess.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Well, one of you needs to...

LUKE
Not it.

KINSEY
Not...Damn it, Luke.

LUKE
Shut your face.

Cindy SLAPS the empty counter and suddenly the boy is silent.

CINDY
Just get...both of you.

Luke struts from the kitchen, Kinsey slowly following behind. In the shadows, we watch their mother slowly begin to work.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - BEDROOM

Luke stands at the doorway of his friend's old room. Even in the darkness, he can see where the bed once sat, a clear rectangle cut out of the pile of trash that covers the floor. For a moment he stares in silence at the posters on the wall.

Following a small path to the "bed" the young man collapses on the ground. Kinsey walks around a little more cautiously, almost as if she is afraid to touch anything.

KINSEY
Why didn't he take this stuff?

LUKE
He didn't care.

KINSEY
Why? It's his stuff.

LUKE
Cause he didn't want to go.

Luke's words hang in the air as the young girl maneuvers through the chaos. Without even realizing it, she covers her chest as she stares at the playmate on the wall.

KINSEY
You guys are idiots. Now he's gone and all this is still here.

LUKE
Does it make it better that we had to vacuum just so some other family can live in our shit? I should have taken a piss on the floor.

Kinsey can see some pictures tacked to the wall. Tim's friends, girlfriends. She sees her brother's face smiling back at her. Each photo left behind.

KINSEY
I would have taken these.

Outside, they hear Mike working. Luke gets up and walks to the window. He sees his father slowly repacking the family's clutter. Even in the darkness, he watches Mike carefully rewrapping a box of Luke's trophies one by one.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Do you wanna go walk around?

With a last look of frustration, Luke pulls away from the glass, leaning over, digging through the night stand beside him. Condoms, pornos and lotion is all that is left behind.

LUKE
Not with you fuckface.

Suddenly in the darkness she sees the cigar box in Luke's hand. He walks over to the window, trying to see what is inside.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Shit.

Nothing but on old bong and empty zip lock bags.

KINSEY
He took that.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM

Cindy walks around lighting candles in the living room. Even with the street lights pouring in from the blinds, the room is mostly shadows. Kinsey stands, staring at the empty room.

She picks up an old VCR remote, some change from where a couch once sat.

KINSEY
It stinks in here.

CINDY
I know.

Luke walks past their mother, making a quiet b-line for the door.

KINSEY
Where are you going?

LUKE
Nowhere.

CINDY
Not tonight, Luke.

The screen SNAPS back, slamming against the wall.

EXT. TIM'S TRAILER

The U-Haul door opens and Mike sets one of the boxes inside. He looks at his son as the young man moves around the trailer.

He can see the rage brewing inside.

MIKE
You need to take those looks and put'em somewhere. I've about had it.

LUKE
So what?

Mike walks past his boy, grabbing another couple of boxes from the back of the truck, he pushes one in his son's chest.

MIKE
You got something to say, well then say it like a man.

LUKE
I think this is bullshit. I think you're a coward.

Luke tosses the box into the trailer. Mike looks up, his face bright red, his own anger now bubbling over.

MIKE
It's pretty fucking simple is it? Maybe I should pull a job out my ass.

LUKE
You could do something.

MIKE
The factory's closing. There's no work Luke! There's no goddamn money.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM

LUKE (O.S.)
Why didn't you fix it?

Kinsey and Cindy stand in silence listening to men's words. For a moment, neither say a thing.

MIKE (O.S.)
Grow up!

Cindy lights the last of the candles.

CINDY
Go to your room.

KINSEY
It's not my room.

CINDY
Baby...just go.

Kinsey turned to walk out, before pausing at the door.

KINSEY
He's not just being an ass.

CINDY
You could've fooled me.

KINSEY
He just always thought y'all would figure it out.

CINDY
(whispers)
I know.

EXT. TIM'S TRAILER

Moving quickly, the anger now boiling inside him, Mike pulls down the tailgate, grabbing a small GAS POWERED GENERATOR.

MIKE
You think it's so simple.

He slams it on the ground, along with a few extension cords.

LUKE
I don't wanna leave here. I don't wanna leave everything. If that's simple, then it's simple.

MIKE
There's nothing here!

LUKE
My friends are here, my life is here.

MIKE
Not for long. The jobs are going boy. Look where we're standing. You got any friends left here?

LUKE
You should'a told us. You should have asked us.

MIKE
I told you when I knew. I did everything I could. But let me tell you something...if you think I was gonna hold onto that place when I could make it somewhere else...where we could get y'all into college. There was nothing to decide.

With a pull of the cord, the generator's engine rumbles to life. Mike slings the cables towards the house, then he grabs two table lamps and moves towards the porch.

Luke looks down, not willing to let the fight die.

LUKE
You should have asked us...

MIKE
That's not the way it works. Christ, you would've been gone in a year either way. This life, this shit will mean nothing.

LUKE
It was my life.

MIKE
The people riding in this truck tomorrow...that's your life. They'll be with you. Don't you think for a moment I wouldn't do whatever it took to make this work. You think I wanna live in a basement? I'm a grown man.

LUKE
A man wouldn't have let this happen.

SLAM. The trailer door closes. Luke knows he crossed the line.

MIKE
Take a walk son. Take a walk right now. Go on. And when you come back, I want your mouth shut. Cause I'll tell you right now, I'll shut it for you.

For a moment, the two stand, staring at each other, neither backing down or breaking each other eyes.

The generator RUMBLES beside them, the engine filling the silence between them.

Finally, Luke looks up to the street light above.

Mike walks back inside.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The world around him quiet, there is nothing but the sounds of his boots on the pavement as his shadow trails behind him.

Luke walks in silence.

He leans down, lost in his thoughts. He picks up a few small rocks from the side of the road. He spins around staring at the empty windows, the worn away yards already growing over.

His first throw is barely a toss. The sound of the tin wall VIBRATING. He throws another, this time harder. Another.

The glass shatters over and over. The tiny explosions breaking through the silent prison that holds him.

He reaches for more weapons, not even noticing the eyes that watch him. He's almost ready to throw again. He almost does.

KINSEY (O.S.)
You're an ass.

He turns and sees his sister staring at him from the end of the road. For a moment, no one speaks, no one says a word.

LUKE
Fuck off.

KINSEY
No...Fuck you too.

Luke stands staring, surprised at her bold words.

Finally, he turns his back on her, beginning to move again down the street. For a while, they walk in silence together, but still apart.

The young girl watches him finally pause before turning down another winding road. We hear the sounds of Kinsey's shoes walking against the pavement as they fill the night air.

He waits for her.

Their eyes never meet when they finally connect, the anger too much, too soon. The street stares back at them as they watch their feet skimming across its face.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Mom started crying again.

Her quiet voice breaks the stand still.

LUKE
(whispers)
I'm sorry that I'm not part of the fucking team.

KINSEY
I don't like it either.

LUKE
You don't care.

KINSEY
Just cause I'm not a dick doesn't mean I'm not gonna miss it here.

Kinsey finally looks up at Luke's red face.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
You never even asked me.

She takes a rock from Luke, tosses it against the tin wall of the trailer on the corner.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
But it's not Dad's fault. He loved it here.

LUKE
It don't matter anyway. None of this shit does.

KINSEY
Then why are you so sad?

Luke picks up another stone and tosses it at a trailer a few feet away. It slams against the wall. He picks up another, it slams again. On the third throw, a window smashes and they both pause, looking around. Nothing.

LUKE
I just wanted to stay.

KINSEY
So did I.

LUKE
Is that why you didn't tell any of your friends that you were leaving?

Luke smiles a wicked smile as his sister leans down awkwardly and picks up a rock. She tosses it against the house.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Your little boyfriend called yesterday. Wanted to see you.

KINSEY
He's already gone stupid. *The trailer with the pink curtains.* That was his sister's room.

The smile fades as Kinsey's throws increase in strength.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
You think you're so smart.

Luke leans down, there is a whiffle ball bat on the ground in someone's yard.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
You know, in a couple of days... nobody's gonna know we were poor. I like that. I wanna live somewhere where I can be cool, don't you? Now, we'll always be poor here. That's what people will say.

She takes one last rock and throws it as hard as she can, a window shatters.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Maybe that's why Tim left everything. We all get a new life.

Kinsey slowly walks to one of the yards where an old rusty swing set sits by itself. For a moment Luke stands in the middle of street. He watches his sister sit down, resting her legs.

For a moment, all is still. Finally his voice breaks the silence.

LUKE
Come on.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Mike's boots kick slowly against the bumper. For a moment, he sits alone on the hood of his truck. The work is done. Inside their makeshift home, electricity flows through the house. He can see the lamps glowing in the windows.

The screen door pops open and he watches Cindy move across the grass, a beer in her hand.

CINDY
I figured you deserved a little something for your troubles.

She waves back to the trailer, a slight smile on her face.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Three beers still in the fridge.

MIKE
But are they still cold?

CINDY
Does it matter?

She hands the bottle to her husband, who takes a sip without batting an eye.

MIKE
No ma'am. Not tonight.

Cindy leans back against the grill. Mike rests his hand on her shoulder.

CINDY
Y'all boys done fightin'?

MIKE
That kid doesn't know shit.

CINDY
And we do?

She pulls the beer away, tipping it back with a smile.

MIKE
You're damn right we do.

CINDY
Look old man, I can't sit here and let you act all high and mighty. He's a boy. Boys get mad and boys get stupid.

MIKE
He needs to learn.

CINDY
Well, it's one thing to wanna teach him. It's another to lecture him just to make yourself feel better.

She turns around, slipping between his legs.

For a moment she watches Mike staring out to the empty street. She waits for him, until slowly his eyes come back to her.

CINDY (CONT'D)
I don't blame you.

MIKE
He does.

CINDY
But he's your son. To him, you control the world. You take the good with that, and sometimes you take the bad. That's the way it is. But fighting with him isn't gonna make *you* less mad at you.

She hands him the beer.

CINDY (CONT'D)
I'm going inside. You staying out here or are you coming in to help me finish off the rest of the warmest beer in the world?

MIKE
Babe, I just can't believe this is happening. Everything we worked for...gone.

Cindy leans against the porch, watching Mike. She brushes the hair away from her face and smiles a simple smile.

CINDY
Bullshit. We got them.

INT. EMPTY TRAILER

The door swings open and the silhouette of two teenagers stand, each staring inside the foreign territory.

KINSEY
We can't go inside.

LUKE
Why not? Nobody lives here.

The young man walks inside disappearing into the darkness. Soon, the shades are pulled back and again, the remains of someone's home sit before them.

Kinsey slowly trails inside staring at the empty walls.

KINSEY
They forgot their shoe.

She kicks the Nike into the wall.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The children move from house to house. We watch their shadows moving across the street, searching the windows for houses that are not empty.

Without realizing it, they are moving deeper and deeper into the Park's maze.

INT. TRAILER

A window slides open, we see Luke slowly pull himself inside.

He crashes to the floor as Kinsey scrambles to the front door. We watch Luke scan the surroundings. His eyes searching the darkness. When he lights the cigarette lighter in his hand, he can't help but jump back at the sight before him.

A GERMAN SHEPARD STILL CHAINED TO COFFEE TABLE, STARES AT HIM.

KINSEY (O.S.)
Open the door.

But the boy cannot speak. For a moment, he just stares at the frightened dog's eyes. He stares at the teeth...the beginnings of a GROWL.

LUKE
(whispers)
It's alright.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The door flies open and the dog makes a break for it.

Kinsey springs back, shocked at the discovery as Luke walks out, holding the chain in his hands.

KINSEY
Somebody left him here?

LUKE
He barely had any food. Shit, he was more scared of me than I was of him.

Kinsey looks up at her brother as they watch the dog bolt away.

KINSEY
Don't lie.

LUKE
I thought it was Cujo. Are you kidding me?

INT. TRAILER

A meth lab left behind. The teens move around.

LUKE
(heavy southern accent)
Some people like cough syrup for their colds...strangely enough, I like it everyday.

KINSEY
I thought drug dealers made money.

LUKE
I got a feeling they weren't really that good at business.

INT. TRAILER

One trailer is covered in murals, pictures of hills, meadows. A life size drawing of Jesus stares down at Kinsey.

KINSEY
(looking up at the image)
It's beautiful.

LUKE
I'm sorry.

KINSEY
I know you are.

INT. TRAILER

The door bends and breaks, until finally it snaps open.

Luke is the first one inside.

We hear his feet leave the cheap linoleum passing onto the carpet. Kinsey leaps onto the small porch behind him.

For a moment they do not see them. Luke does not notice the shadows that fall over their faces. The blood on the floor.

It is only when Kinsey SCREAMS does the young man freeze.

This house is different than the others. The furniture remains, all of it. But that is not what catches their eyes.

It is the two bodies. The couple tied to the chairs.

KINSEY
Oh god.

There is a flashlight on the ground by Kinsey's feet. Luke picks it up and shines it against the OLD COUPLE. Their hands, their feet are bound together.

Someone has stabbed them many times.

LUKE
Go outside.

But no one moves. No one can take their eyes off the frozen stares that look back at them.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Kinsey!

Luke grabs his sister and walks her out the doorway.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Stay.

He has barely turned around when her head is already peaking back inside behind him.

The ray of light moves across the bodies. Luke sees the old woman's hands gripping her husband's. He sees where a blade had sliced through her forearm on its way to her chest.

LUKE (CONT'D)
They were fighting.

Luke takes a step forward in the darkness. The blood on the carpet is still wet. It still drips down to the floor below.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Fuck.
(calling out)
This just happened...

Kinsey hides back as the flashlight moves in her direction.

KINSEY (O.S.)
I thought everyone left.

LUKE
They were supposed to...

All around the couple, there are signs of life.

Not a single box, a single thing moved.

Sleeping candles cover every inch of the living room.

Luke stands in silence, his chest moving up and down.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

KINSEY
(whispers)
I wanna get Dad.

Luke nods his head, but again no one moves.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Luke.

She walks back inside, one hand covering her eyes.

He reaches out, almost touching the old woman's skin.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Let's get Dad!

Her SCREAM finally breaks her brother from his silent trance.

LUKE
Okay, I just...This is where they lived, you know?

KINSEY
Let's just go.

LUKE
(nodding)
Alright...

Kinsey turns towards the door. Her shadow falling across the blood. She is almost outside when they hear it. The RUMBLE.

Not like their father's truck. Something else.

Luke looks out the door and sees the headlights approaching. Before any of them can move. Before they can reach the door.

The old pick up truck comes around the corner.

KINSEY
Someone's here!

She backpedals, slipping on a rug on the floor. She almost falls colliding with a table. The truck ROARS outside. Kinsey screams, but only a second. Luke thrusts his hand around her mouth stopping the sound.

Back and forth they turn, trying to find somewhere to hide.

Outside a door SLAMS. Suddenly, Luke pushes them towards the back hallway, towards the bedroom.

They barely make it into the bathroom when the WHITE MASK floats into the darkness.

INT. BATHROOM

The teens slam inside the tub as Luke turns back pulling the curtain closed. The rusty metal RATTLES, the metal rings hanging on the uneven pole.

LUKE
Ssh...

KINSEY
Come on...come on.

His hand trembles against the pink plastic wall.

Finally, they are hidden.

Heavy FOOTSTEPS on the thin trailer floor. A loud THUD.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Another body now lies before the others. A YOUNG MAN, maybe a few years older than Luke but no more. A Security Guard.

Before he died, the boy had wet his pants.

There is a sound. A deep BREATHING, almost like a RATTLING.

In the mirror, we see the Man in the Mask stare at himself through the darkness before moving outside again.

Standing before the couple, the Pin Up Girl fiddles with the old woman's oxygen tank still sitting beside her. We hear the hiss as the air pours into the empty lungs.

Her plastic face drifts up when she hears it.

Someone moving in the other room.

INT. BATHROOM

Kinsey can barely breathe as Luke squeezes her close. The tears from her face drift down her brother's fingers as they squeeze her lips closed.

Luke's eyes watch the small hole in the curtain as the light from the window bounces around the tiny room.

He sees the shadowed figure walk inside. He sees the black holes that should be eyes as they move past the mirror.

The thin pink curtain is all that separates them.

At once, the brother and sister stop breathing, stop moving. Luke's hand drifts from Kinsey's mouth as he braces himself.

They hear her BREATH from beneath the mask. The woman moving back and forth, listening.

For a moment, all is still.

Suddenly, the woman turns and walks away.

No one moves. Luke's hands tremble against Kinsey's skin. For a few seconds, there is nothing but silence.

SLAM. The front door closes.

Outside the truck returns to life. The headlights fill the bathroom window. The engine ROARS and then there is nothing.

LUKE
(whispers)
They're gone.

Kinsey collapses against the side of the tub, tears pouring from her face. Luke slowly pulls back the curtain.

On the sink, a knife sits across from them, the blade shining in the darkness as it points towards them.

EXT. LIVING ROOM

Luke leads Kinsey down the hallway, past the photos on the wall of grandchildren, sons and daughters.

They move past the couple, the stack of crossword puzzles, the TV...the new body that lays on the floor in a pile.

Luke takes three breaths, building up his courage.

LUKE
We have to go. Okay?

But Kinsey cannot speak. Finally, he pushes the door open.

KINSEY
(whispers)
What if they come back?

LUKE
We'll stay off the street.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

We hear the porch CREAK as they move. Their shadows chasing them as they move into the backyards and alley ways.

They never look back.

INT. TRAILER

They do not see her in the doorway. They do not see her watching them. As the voices trail away in the distance...

Dollface comes to the light, watching them move towards home.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Staying close to the shadows, Luke and Kinsey move quickly through the yards, both avoiding the street lights that shine from above. The world around them is a silent blur as they pass the lots and the empty trailers.

But as they pass one house after another, suddenly Luke stops, panic creeping into his eyes.

Before them there are three streets each leading towards three different directions.

KINSEY
Which way?

LUKE
I thought you knew.

KINSEY
I was following you.

LUKE
Shit.

The young man turns, trying to get his bearings. The park is like a maze. Each road curving this way and that.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Which street were we on?

KINSEY
I don't know.

EXT. PLAYGROUND

Like skeletons, the rusty metal toys sit in their graveyard.

The teenagers move through jungle gyms and teeter totters.

KINSEY
Are we sure they're gone?

LUKE
It's alright, they drove away.
Dad'll call the cops and then we'll
get out of here.

KINSEY
What if they come back?

Luke turns back to her as they walk, he almost speaks, when suddenly he is silent.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
What?

LUKE
Keep going.

KINSEY
What is it?

LUKE
I thought I saw someone.
Don't worry about it, just go.

In the darkness, a hundred yards away.

A silhouette following them. Watching them.

Luke pushes Kinsey around the corner of a trailer. For a moment, they sit staring...no one.

KINSEY
Do you see anybody?

LUKE
It was probably nothing.

Suddenly, a hand drifts out behind Kinsey's back. The fingers move through the air, drifting towards her.

At the last second, it grabs her.

The young girl SCREAMS and Luke and Kinsey turn to see Mike standing with a smile on his face.

MIKE
What'd y'all get into?

Kinsey falls into his arms before the man can say another word. Mike looks down on his son.

KINSEY
Daddy we found something. There're people dead in one of the trailers. Somebody killed them.

MIKE
You guys need to cut it out.

LUKE
Dad...

The boy looks back towards the park, still nothing. For the first time, Mike sees the fear in their faces.

MIKE
I don't know what y'all are up to, but I want you to get back to the trailer, alright.

LUKE
You need to see this...

KINSEY
(looking up at Mike)
I can go by myself.

MIKE
This had better not be a joke.

LUKE
We're not fucking joking Dad.

Mike almost reacts to his son's words, but the fear in Luke's eyes pushes the scolding from his mind. He leans to Kinsey.

MIKE
Are you sure?

Kinsey nods, looking back from her brother to her father.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Your mom has the cell phone. The house is right up this street. Go have her call the cops right now. Don't stop.

LUKE
Hurry.

KINSEY
We shouldn't have broken into the trailers.

Mike shoots Luke a look, but his son quickly looks away.

LUKE
Dad it wasn't like that...

MIKE
It's fine, just go.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

We watch as the three split up, their bodies small against the giant park that surrounds them.

We hear FOOTSTEPS follow Kinsey into the darkness.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Kinsey moves quickly forward down the middle of the street. On both sides she is surrounded by the shells of former homes.

The open windows stare back at her as she tries to stay calm, but every shadow seems to be watching her.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Luke stands at the corner. He turns back and forth searching, but nothing seems familiar.

He glances to his Dad, almost asking, but then looks back into the darkness. Suddenly he moves forward, his eyes still unsure.

MIKE
What were y'all doing?

LUKE
Just messing around.

MIKE
Joke's over.

LUKE
There's no joke Dad.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Kinsey turns the corner and in the middle of the street her father's truck sits. The young girl never breaks her stride, her tiny FOOTSTEPS pounding into the pavement.

Just behind her, a shadow dances across the road.

EXT. ELDERLY COUPLE'S TRAILER

Luke and his father move towards the last trailer at the end of the block.

LUKE
There. That one.

He stops cold at the bottom of the steps as he stares up towards the open door. Mike takes a few steps forward, his eyes peering inside. He looks down at his son when he sees them.

MIKE
Did Kinsey see this?

Luke nods his head as Mike steps forward into the darkness. He leans down over the body of a security guard. He sees the empty holster, the broken walkie-talkie laying beside him.

We watch his eyes move around the living room. In the corner, there is a pistol laying on the ground.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You saw the people that did this?

Luke steps up into the doorway.

LUKE
No sir. We hid. But back there...I thought I saw someone behind us.

Mike glances up at the doorway. All is quiet.

MIKE
Why didn't you say something?

LUKE
I don't know, I just thought...

INT. TIM'S TRAILER

The generators HUMS as the young girl opens the door, her chest heaving. Kinsey spins around searching, but there is no one here. The living room is empty. A single lamp still missing the shade casts her shadows across the floor.

KINSEY
Mom!

CINDY (O.S.)
Back here.

Somewhere inside the double wide, she hears her mother's VOICE.

Running water, the bathtub.

Kinsey pushes herself back to the master bedroom, swinging open the door with all her might.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - BATHROOM

Candles sit laid out around the edge of the tub, the light flickering on the walls. Cindy stands in her bra, trying in vain to get the bath water to warm.

CINDY
(smiling)
I think the water heater went down with the ship.

Kinsey grabs her mother's hands as they move towards her. She spins around the tiny darkened room, grabbing her mother's shirt from the floor.

KINSEY
We need to go.

CINDY
What is it?

KINSEY
Some people got killed. Outside.

CINDY
What?

KINSEY
There’re dead people in a trailer.

CINDY
Kinsey, that is not funny.

KINSEY
Dad wants us to call the cops.

Suddenly, Kinsey spots the cell phone on the lid of the commode. She pushes past her mom and picking it up, presses the phone in her mother’s hand.

KINSEY (CONT’D)
Call 911. You have to call.

CINDY
What are you talking about?

KINSEY
Do it Mom!

Cindy looks down at her daughter, sees the fear in her face. She flips on the phone, picking up the shirt in her hands.

CINDY
Where’s your brother?

KINSEY
He went to show Daddy. Mom, we saw the killers. We saw them.

CINDY
Turn off the water.

INT. TIM’S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM

She rushes past her daughter, dialing 911 on the phone as she makes her way to the living room. She slams the door closed, bolts it with the thin piece of metal.

Kinsey rushes behind her, staring out the windows. The dim street lights reveal nothing, an empty yard, the diesel truck.

Cindy places the phone to her ear, turning to her daughter.

CINDY
Baby, come stand next to me. You promise this is real...

The young girl nods her head as Cindy turns back to the kitchen, she walks over to the Big Gulp, grabbing it in her hands as she waits for an answer.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Come on...

The ringing in her ears. Suddenly, she hears a VOICE.

OPERATOR
911, state your emergency.

CINDY
Hello.

OPERATOR
911 state your emergency.

CINDY
I'm at the trailer park off the highway, I need the police to come out here.

OPERATOR
State your emergency ma'am.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Kinsey lets out a SCREAM.

All the eyes in the room flash to the door.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
Ma'am.

Cindy walks up to the window, she looks outside into the shadows. She cannot see the porch. There is only darkness.

CINDY
(whispers)
My kids found a body...We need you to send a car.

She places her hands around her daughter's chest. Just outside the window, a wind chime swings back and forth in the breeze.

OPERATOR
Where are you located?

KNOCK. KNOCK.

CINDY
Who's there?

Cindy moves across the old shag carpet. There is a small window on the door. A half moon. Kinsey's mother tries to see out, but once again there is nothing there.

KINSEY
(whispers)
It's them.

OPERATOR
Ma'am. I need you to talk to me.

Silence. Cindy can hear the woman on the line. She can hear her own breath pushing through the receiver.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
Ma'am?

CINDY
I'm here. There's somebody...Just come to the old trailer park...

KNOCK. KNOCK.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Shit. Send a car out here now.

Cindy closes the phone, kneeling down by the door. Kinsey stares into her eyes as they sit in silence, listening.

CINDY (CONT'D)
(whispers to Kinsey)
Go get a knife.

The woman's hand motions in the darkness to the kitchen. She watches the Kinsey's head move up and down as she awkwardly moves towards the shadows.

Outside the generator RUMBLES softy. Cindy looks at the phone, her eyes moving back and forth from the window, up to the lock on the door. There is nothing but silence.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Is there anybody out there?

Nothing. Kinsey moves back towards her, a butter knife in her hands. Cindy leans against the door, trying to hear.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Hello?

Outside the porch the wood creaks back and forth. Cindy looks down towards her daughter, motioning Kinsey back.

CINDY (CONT'D)
I don't know who you are, but you need to get your ass on home.

Building all her courage, Cindy suddenly stands again looking outside the moon shaped glass.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Where are you, you little shit?

VOICE (O.S.)
(whispers)
Come closer...

Cindy GASPS, gripping the knife in her hand, her face inches from the door.

CINDY
We called the police!

VOICE (O.S.)
(whispers)
That's alright.

SLAM.

Two hands rip through the glass, grabbing Cindy by the hair.

Kinsey SCREAMS, her mother SCREAMS as well. Cindy thrusts herself back from the door as an ax bursts through the door like a gunshot. The blade almost hits her face.

She spins backwards throwing her daughter to the ground.

Again and again, the door is beaten down, destroyed.

SLAM. Soon the outside is pouring into the living room. There is no time to cry out, to stop the stranger from coming inside.

Cindy grabs Kinsey and drags her back towards the bedrooms.

They hear the sound coming for them.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - BEDROOM

Cindy slams the bedroom door, she spins back and forth, trying to find a place to hide.

CINDY
Kinsey come here!

Almost instantly the door is hit just beside the young girl. Like a bolt of lighting, there is nothing. Wood exploding.

Cindy grabs her daughter and moves to the bathroom.

As she closes the door she sees the White Mask of Dollface pouring through the darkness towards them.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - MASTER BATHROOM

There is nothing inside the room, nowhere to go. Just a small window by the side wall. The candles dance above the aborted bubble bath.

Cindy turns searching, we hear her BREATHS, her daughter's CRIES.

The door knob to the bathroom shivers, twisting and turning back and forth. She hears the edge of the blade moving back and forth against the thin wooden door.

CINDY
Please!

A fist pounds against the wood.

KINSEY
Momma!

Cindy moves forward thrusting open the window.

CINDY
Come here.

KINSEY
You go.

CINDY
Listen to me.

She grabs her daughter by the waist and with all her strength, lifts her up. There is no time.

CRASH. The door rocks back and forth.

Kinsey twists back and forth, trying to squeeze herself through. The window is so small.

KINSEY
I can't!

CINDY
Yes you can!

SLAM. The blade of the ax breaks the wood.

With all her strength Cindy shoves her daughter forward. The young woman flies out the window, her body twisting.

EXT. TIM'S TRAILER

Kinsey lands with a thud on her back, the air pushed out of her lungs. She cannot move, her body twisting in pain from the fall.

SLAM. She hears the door crack again.

CINDY
Call the police! Call them!

Her mother cannot fit through the small opening.

KINSEY
Come on!

Cindy throws the phone out onto the lawn.

CINDY
Kinsey go!

The woman turns, Kinsey can hear her SCREAM.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - MASTER BATHROOM

The ax flies through the door and Cindy rushes forward, trying to grab it, for a moment she holds it, for a moment she fights back with the invisible force.

She takes the butter knife and swings it wildly trying to cut into the stranger's skin.

EXT. TIM'S TRAILER

Kinsey pulls herself up, she sees the phone on the ground before her. She hears her mother's SCREAMS.

She crawls forward towards the glowing blue light in the darkness. Then she hears the RUMBLE.

All at once the glow of headlights splash onto her face.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - MASTER BATHROOM

For a moment, the ax grows still. Cindy hears the RUMBLE as well. She turns, her eyes following the sound. She hears the truck door open, she hears it SLAM.

Suddenly the ax rips back through the hole, in an instant it pushes through, this time almost breaking down the door.

CINDY
Run Kinsey!

There is no escape, the ax pushes through the door one last time. Cindy spins around, she pushes back the glass shower door. She throws herself into the tub, her body trembling.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The young girl looks into the light, blinded by the bright beams. Her hand is almost there, she almost picks up the phone.

There are two figures moving into the light.

Two shadows walking towards her.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - MASTER BATHROOM

Cindy pushes the glass wall closed. The door crashes down.

She hears the FOOTSTEPS as the stranger walks inside, she sees the young *Baby Doll Face* even in the darkness.

CINDY
Please!

The wall of glass crumbles in an instant. We see Cindy's hand reach out trying to stop her. We hear her SCREAM.

Dollface never stops. The blade swings over and over.

Soon there is nothing but silence and the sound of the ax pounding against the cheap porcelain tub.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Kinsey dives down to the bushes along the side of the trailer.

She watches the strangers moving to the staircase, she sees the phone a few feet away. The black silhouettes.

The young girl looks up to the window, the silence once filled with her mother's screams still hangs in the air.

We hear her BREATHS, each one pouring from her chest.

KINSEY
(whispers)
Momma?

DOLLFACE FLIES FORWARD THROUGH THE WINDOW, STARING DOWN AT HER.

Kinsey GASPS, her body jerking back.

She turns, pushing her up. Without thinking, Kinsey stumbles into the darkness.

Her shadow moves past the phone still resting on the ground.

EXT. ELDERLY COUPLE'S TRAILER

The front door SLAMS and Mike and his son move out into the streetlight's glow. Mike opens the gun's chamber, smells the powder. CLICK. He closes the weapon in his large hands.

Luke watches his father as the man looks back and forth across the empty lots. Mike checks the address on the mailbox, then with a small wave of his hand, both of them move to the road.

MIKE
That couple didn't have nothing. Whoever did this, they didn't even steal anything, they did it just to do it.

LUKE
Look Dad, I'm sorry that...

MIKE
It's alright. Let's just get back. The police should be on the way.

Luke nods as he walks beside his father, one of Mike's hands resting on the young man's shoulder.

The other holds the gun in the night air.

EXT. TIM'S TRAILER

No one speaks when they see the broken door. No one has to.

Mike charges inside, a single hand raised to stop his son. Luke watches his Dad disappear into the living room.

He sees the broken glass on the floor. The shattered wood.

For a moment all is silent. Then, Luke hears Mike CRY OUT LOUD.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER

Luke rushes past the entryway. He moves into the shadows past the candles Cindy had brought inside.

The doorway to the bedroom is destroyed as well.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - MASTER BATHROOM

In the darkness the flames still dance on the bathroom walls. He hears the water inside the tub. He hears the SOBBING.

He finds his father holding his mom.

MIKE
Go outside.

He barely speaks, the words like sandpaper against his throat.

LUKE
Mom!

MIKE
Where's Kinsey?

Trembling, his hands move in waves across his wife's pale skin. Over and over he tries, but he cannot clean off her face.

The water. The red. It splashes around him as he climbs inside the tub, pressing Cindy's body against his own.

LUKE
Tell me she's okay!

But no one needs to answer. Luke dives forward, his knees sliding against the cheap white tiles. He reaches out touching his mother's empty hand.

The broken glass. The blood. Luke watches one of the candles fall into the water beside his father's bended knee.

MIKE
Kinsey...

The man looks up in confusion. He finds Luke's eyes. The boy spins around, unable to hold their gaze.

He turns to the open window. There is a tennis shoe on the ground by the wall.

LUKE
Oh my god.

Luke thrusts his body forward shoving his chest out the window. He sees the broken cell phone laying smashed in pieces in the grass.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Mom got her out. Look!

He picks up the shoe. Without thinking he moves towards the front door.

LUKE (CONT'D)
She shoved her out the window.

Mike stands up, his boots slashing through the water.

MIKE
Don't go out there!

LUKE
We have to!

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - LIVING ROOM

Mike grabs Luke by the shoulder, thrusting him against the wall.

LUKE
I knew I saw someone. They were watching us! They followed her! This is my fault!

MIKE
Wait, listen to me...

LUKE
She could be hurt! She could be trying to find us!

Tears pour down Luke's face. He looks at Mike, needing something, anything. The empty walls of the living room stare back at them. The open door still waiting.

MIKE
Luke, you need to listen to me. We're gonna find her. She's okay.

LUKE
How do you know?!

Luke pulls away from him, he moves towards the door.

Mike once again grabs his son, pulling him away from the windows, the doorway. He pulls him close.

MIKE
If your Mom got her out, then she could have made it. She's smart. She's hiding out there somewhere.

LUKE
Let's go then!

Mike spins around, searching...thinking.

MIKE
We'll get the truck.

Mike cocks the hammer of the gun, moves toward the doorway. His shadows dancing up and down in the candle light.

He looks out the door. Outside all is still.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Where are the keys...

Mike holds the .38 in his trembling hands. Luke is frozen, his skin as pale as a ghost.

He tries to wipe the blood off his hands, a thousand thoughts dancing inside his head. He turns, scanning the darkness.

His eyes move across the counter. He sees his wife's purse, but when he digs inside, he comes up empty. *No keys.*

MIKE (CONT'D)
Fuck...fuck. I have to go...I think your Mom....I have to go back in...

LUKE
No. Just watch the door.

Luke walks past him, moving quickly back into the shadows.

Mike nods his head up and down, the fear growing in his eyes.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER - BATHROOM

Luke's hands move like bolts of electricity. He cannot open his eyes. He cannot look at her.

The water splashes as his foot hits the tub. He checks his mother's pockets, searching. But once again, they are empty.

LUKE
Shit...

He hears the water moving below him. He feels her against his leg. The boy stands up, his eyes breaking.

We watch the tears fall from the young man's face as he stands up. He bites his lip like a boy. He hears his father call his name. But for a second he cannot move an inch.

One flash. One look.

LUKE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Momma.

Finally, Luke breaks his face away. He moves for the door, then briefly turns back. There is one more thing he has to do.

The young man opens the drain, letting the bloody water disappear from around his mother's body.

INT. TIM'S TRAILER

MIKE
Shit.

Mike slams his hand against the wall.

MIKE (CONT'D)
We'll get in the truck, hot-wire it.

LUKE
What if we can't find her?

MIKE
I'm gonna get you both out of here. Luke, look at me...I won't let nothing happen to y'all. It'll be okay.

For a moment, Mike wraps his arms around his son.

LUKE
Dad...I'm fucking scared.

MIKE
I know.

Outside, there is a noise. A sound. Without even thinking, Luke and Mike spin to the open door.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Get back.

LUKE
(whispers)
Maybe it's Kinsey?

MIKE
No.

He raises the gun, moving to the door. He looks out searching. Back and forth. The silence. He turns.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Stay here for a second.

LUKE
Dad I just think...

MIKE
Luke...I'm gonna go out there. This stops now.

Mike turns when suddenly it happens.

The movement. So fast. The blade so quick. He never sees him.

THE MAN IN THE MASK STABS HIM IN THE CHEST.

Mike stumbles back the gun FIRING into the thin floor.

There is nothing but screaming. Like a ghost, the man is gone, leaving nothing but chaos behind him.

Luke tries to catch him as his father falls back. Instantly he is covered in blood. The SCREAMS.

There is no way to comprehend the violence. Luke grabs his father. He feels the man fighting as he reaches down picking up the gun. The doorway is empty.

LUKE
Dad...Dad...

He fires a shot at the door. There is no one there. Chaos. The man is fighting against him. His body convulsing.

Luke thrusts his hand onto the hole inside his father. The blood pours like a river. He rips away at his father's shirt as his eyes dart back and forth.

LUKE (CONT'D)
It's okay. It's okay.

MIKE
Go...

LUKE
I'm not leaving you.

Mike grabs Luke, trying to push him towards the door.

MIKE
Go!

But his son ignores his words, fighting against him even as he tries to save him.

Suddenly a window EXPLODES.

From outside, someone throws something. CRASH. Luke looks down, he sees it rolling across the floor. A baseball trophy.

His name written on the side.

CRASH. Outside, the streetlight bursts. Suddenly the generator dies as well. Silence. Inside the trailer, Luke is surrounded by nothing but darkness. SLAM. Another window explodes. A suitcase. SLAM.

More and more items from the U-Haul pour into the home.

Luke stands up, he tries to see where they are. He fires a shot into the blackness.

LUKE
I can't see anything.

Objects SLAM into the walls. Over and over like a hail storm.

He hears the sounds of their possessions rolling down the roof.

MIKE
Get away from the windows!

LUKE
They're everywhere!

MIKE
Luke!

<u>Then at once...there is only silence.</u>

Mike's labored BREATHS barely escaping his lips. Luke leans down, squeezing his trembling body.

LUKE
Dad...fuck. No...No...

MIKE
It's...it's okay.

But Luke can see his father's fear.

LUKE
What do we do?

MIKE
(wheezing)
Go to the truck.

LUKE
We need to get you some help.

The young man's voice CRACKS in the silence.

MIKE
You go to the truck, find your sister, then the cops will come...

Mike suddenly heaves forward, blood spewing across his chest.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Go...

LUKE
I don't know how.

MIKE
You need to hurry. Your sister is out there. They'll find her.

LUKE
How do I get it started?

MIKE
You can do it...

LUKE
Please Dad...don't leave me. You have to help me. I can't do this.

Tears pour down the young man's face.

MIKE
You need to be strong. You and your sister...that's all that matters now.

The father looks up at his boy, the weakness in his face.

LUKE
Dad...

Suddenly Mike throws his hand onto Luke's shoulder and with all his might, he tries to force himself to stand.

MIKE
I'll show you.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Kinsey stumbles back and forth through the dense trees that surround the park. She looks down at her one barefoot. She wipes the tears from her eyes.

She cannot stop herself from crying, but still she runs.

In the distance, she can see the outlines of the trailers. She keeps moving, one foot after the other, but in the end, there is nowhere else to go.

The trees are too dense, it is too dark...the brush too high.

KINSEY
Why didn't you pick up the phone?
Stupid...stupid.

SLAM. She spins, her shoulder colliding with a fallen branch. She almost falls, the darkness spinning around her like a spider's web.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Shit.

The young girl takes turns running and then walking again as she listens for the sound of the road. It is so dark.

All she can do is kneel down on the ground.

There is nothing but silence. She listens to the wind brush through the trees. Her hands wrapping around her shoulders. We watch the young woman steady herself. We watch her try and stand. She has already seen too much for one night.

Somewhere in the distance, she hears a BANGING.

The young girl rises to her feet, listening. In the darkness, she hears a voice, A MAN'S WORDS.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Dad...

There is no reply.

For a moment Kinsey waits. The trees stand beside her, surrounding her, watching her. Her uneasy steps seem to see-saw back and forth towards the woods and then back again.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Dad.

She whispers his name one last time...and then she heads back to the park.

EXT. TIM'S TRAILER

Mike and Luke push out to the small porch. Luke thrusts his weight forward as his father clings onto his side. Down the wooden steps, he sees the yard, the driveway, everything covered in his family's memories.

The U-Haul is spilled out across the lawn.

The young man waves the gun back and forth like a torch. Every direction he turns, he finds nothing.

We watch Luke's foot tumble down the steps, he almost slips.

LUKE
Come on...

Mike grabs the rail, the pain ripping through his face.

MIKE
Keep going.

INT. TRUCK

Luke does not hesitate as he smashes the truck's window.

He lays his father across the backseat as his eyes dance back and forth from each window. The dome light casts the reflection of his bloody face back at him as he tries to see some sign of the strangers out there in the yard.

Everywhere he looks, there is only blackness.

LUKE
What do I do?

The young man climbs across the front seat. He can barely hear Mike's words as he whispers.

MIKE
Look under...pull it.

His weathered hand drifts out towards the steering column.

LUKE
Where?

MIKE
There!

Luke looks up, he sees the desperation behind the anger. He hears the blood filling his father's throat.

LUKE
I’m trying.

MIKE
You...can...do...this.

Luke pulls the wires free, his hands shaking as his heart beats against his chest.

LUKE
I got’em.

MIKE
You have to put them together. It’s like you are flipping a switch.

LUKE
Like this?

He mimes the action, his hands shaking as if the connection might trigger an explosion. He watches his father slowly nod.

Suddenly, the truck RUMBLES to life.

Luke looks back at Mike as the man’s eyes barely stay open. The boy climbs up, throws the truck in drive.

MIKE
Go!

They slam forward, the trailer dragging behind them as Luke steers past the boxes that were once held inside.

MIKE (CONT’D)
Good boy...

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The truck pours onto the street, Luke pushes the diesel as fast as it can go, the trailer swinging wildly behind it.

They move back towards the center of the park, towards the entrance. All around them there is silence as they pass the empty lots and abandoned trailers.

INT. TRUCK

LUKE
Which way?

MIKE
Straight...

Mike is almost unable to breathe anymore, the cheap leather is covered in blood.

LUKE
Hold on...

Luke slams on the gas, the truck barely hanging onto the road as they move towards the turn. Luke slams into a mail box, another before finally he straightens it out.

There is a dead end. Luke spins back around, trying to see which way to go. None of the signs point to the highway.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I don't know where we are!

He throws the truck back in drive and they slam into the curb as he crosses into a yard trying to maneuver the rig and the trailer back onto the street.

Luke looks back, suddenly he sees his father's eyes. The blank stare. He slaps him across the face. Nothing.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Dad!

The young man turns back, the truck pouring forward. He does not see the body cross the road. He does not see the shadow.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Dad, open your eyes!

SLAM. SUDDENLY THE WINDSHIELD EXPLODES.

The ax flies across the dash, barely missing Luke as it falls into the passenger seat.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Shit!

Luke whips the wheel back, the truck hits the curb barreling out of control. He never has time to stop as the truck flies towards a large oak tree beside an empty lot.

Like a train pushing through a wall, Luke and Mike fly forward as the steel and glass crash into the unmoving object before them. There is no time to scream.

Suddenly, everything is still.

Luke's body presses against the steering wheel. In the darkness there are no signs of his father.

The only sound is the HORN as it blasts through the silence.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - PLAY GROUND

The DIESEL'S DAMAGED WAIL rings in the distance as Kinsey sits up, her body hidden inside a large cement tube.

She crawls forward, the sand beneath her. She leans out into the open, searching for her families' truck.

They are only a few streets away.

For a moment, the sound is the only thing in the world. Kinsey searches back and forth, trying to see any signs of the intruders, she almost rises, almost tries to run...

Then just as quickly as it had appeared, the horn is gone.

The large playground sits sleeping once again.

She can hear an old swing set twisting in the night air.

Kinsey can barely move inside the cement walls. She inches back, too afraid to move out into the darkness.

The open field before her is too far, there are so many places for them to be. The empty toys sit quietly watching her.

Then she hears it.

Somewhere a strange SQUEAL, like a metallic SCREAM. The little girl searches. No one. The park is empty.

BUT A MERRY-GO-ROUND NOW SPINS OVER AND OVER.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The young man opens his eyes. There is a deep cut torn into his forehead, blood drips down his face.

LUKE
Are you okay? Dad?

He reaches his hand down, trying to find something to use as leverage. Suddenly Luke feels it. The arm hanging loosely.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Oh my god.

Instantly he sees his father. Luke tries to turn, but the steering wheel pins him in place.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Dad!

The old man is laying on the floorboard, Luke uses every bit of strength to reach him, he sees the man's face.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Fuck...Fuck! No!

There is nothing there. His father is dead.

Luke rips at the plastic wheel, kicking and twisting. Finally, he is able to squeeze himself out one leg at a time.

He tries the door, but the broken metal will not budge.

EXT. TRUCK

Pushing his foot through the glass, Luke thrusts his battered body outside. Like a sack of potatoes he collapses onto the ground beneath him.

Slamming the door open, Luke pulls at his father, dragging him outside to the grass below.

LUKE
You're okay, you're okay.

Thrusting his hands down on his father's chest, Luke slams over and over trying in vain to make him breathe.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Please!

But the man is gone.

Luke pushes himself back, he sees his hands, his arms covered in his father's blood. He SCREAMS.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - PLAYGROUND

We hear the young girl's BREATH.

Kinsey moves back deep in the tube, the darkness before her. Outside, the merry-go-round spins, the rusty SCREAM growing slower and slower. It is almost as if the sound is following her, chasing her. The sand CRUNCHES beneath her tiny body.

Then finally, it stops. There is nothing but silence. Kinsey freezes, listening. She can hear the wind blowing.

The swing sets moving back and forth.

We hear her BREATHE.

TWO LEGS MOVE PAST THE OPEN CYLINDER BEFORE HER.

Kinsey's fingers clamp across her face in the darkness, she spins around, looking in both directions almost at once.

She is trapped, both sides exposed to the darkness. There are FOOTSTEPS all around her. Someone walking.

She crawls forward, her bare foot moving alongside the tennis shoe. The sand beneath her feet.

She almost dives out, she almost runs...

Then she hears another sound. Something moving down the empty street before her. The engine RUMBLES. A car coming closer.

A spotlight dances across the park. Kinsey's eyes flash, she can barely keep from screaming. About 100 yards away...

<u>A police car slowly cruises in the distance.</u>

It's warm beam moves across the children's toys, the faded paint, the rusty metal.

The young girl almost cries out, she almost screams, but suddenly she stops. Soon the cruiser turns around, moving back towards the darkness. She watches it drive away, she listens to the motor grow silent in the shadows.

She never moves. She can barely breathe.

They did not see what she sees now.

Kinsey stares forward, her body shaking beneath the concrete. We hear her breath trying to escape her pale lips. A single tear falls down her dirty face.

From the shadows, a white face emerges.

The Stranger stands in silence. Kinsey knows it is watching her.

EXT. TRUCK

Luke picks up the gun from the cab. He looks out the windows, searching. The attackers are gone. There is nothing but an empty lot and a double wide half painted blue and gold.

He looks back across the tracks he had driven deep into the abandoned lot. Up ahead he sees the empty street. The trailers sitting in the shadows. For a moment, the young man looks down at his father.

LUKE
I'll find her.

Without another look back, Luke heads towards the center of the park. We watch him disappear into the sea of trailers. The shadows swallowing his thin frame. All is still.

He does not see the cruiser drive past in the distance.

The cop's searchlights never move his way.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - PLAYGROUND

Kinsey falls back, her eyes as big as saucers. Her mind spinning. She barely peeks out of the window of darkness.

The white face is gone.

KINSEY
(whispers)
Daddy, please come get me.

The sand CRUNCHES beneath her shivering body as the wind pushes past the trees. She hears the merry-go-round spin once again in the shadows.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Please.

A rock skips across the grass, stopping in the loose sand before the opening of the concrete coffin. The young girl falls back. Her body trapped against the circular walls.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Leave me alone.

<u>She does not look back, she does not see the face behind her.</u>

The hand of the woman reaches out slowly in the darkness.

Kinsey's BREATH fills the tiny chamber. Over and over we hear that sound. She can barely control herself, the fear is too much. The hand creeps forward, closer and closer.

THEN LIKE A SNAKE, WE WATCH IT STRIKE...

Kinsey screams out, her voice like a flash of lightning. Dollface rips her backwards, the small girl's head slamming back into the sand.

She tries to spin, the heavy walls trapping her. The shallow echo of her feet kicking the walls.

Dollface lifts a knife above her, we see it rip through the air as Kinsey barely has time to move away. SWISH.

The blade slams into the ground.

Kinsey twists as the monster slides through the shadows towards her. SWISH. The blade flies forward, inches from her face.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Get away!

SWISH. The knife slices through the air, grazing Kinsey's arm.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
No!

Sparks flash before them in the blackness as Dollface hits the wall of the tube with one last thrust.

Kinsey sees the black plastic eyes only a foot away.

She spins, thrusting herself into the sand. Her body pushing forward into the open air. Without stopping she rises, scrambling towards the open road.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

She never looks back as she crosses the street and heads deeper into the park.

Soon she is gone, her body disappearing into the shadows.

The merry-go-round spins slowly one more time.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Luke moves through the shadows. Like a child playing hide and seek, he darts from one trailer to the next, hiding.

There is no sign of anyone, anywhere.

Somewhere in the distance, a trash can falls over.

Luke stares at the empty street before him, watching.

LUKE
What do you want from us?

Nothing but the silence of the neighborhood.

Luke's eyes raises to the darkness. He spins back and forth trying to find them.

Again, somewhere in the park, a SMASHING.

LUKE (CONT'D)
We didn't do anything!

But there is no response.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Kinsey moves into the center of the abandoned cul-de-sac. All around her are empty trailers. The pink curtains of her friend's home stand out amongst the bare windows.

For a moment, she is safe.

She approaches the porch, her face spinning back and forth in the darkness. The street is silent.

The door is locked. She twists the knob back and forth in her small hands, but it will not budge. The young girl climbs down the steps. She is looking for somewhere. Anywhere.

She moves to another trailer. Again nothing.

Across the way she spots an open door on one of the trailers. The wind pushes it open slowly. Even from where she stands she can hear the slow CREAKING.

Inside there is only darkness.

Kinsey again looks back and forth as she crosses the sidewalk. She stops in the center of the circle. The street lights casting her tiny shadow down onto the faded concrete.

We hear the PITTER-PATTER of her feet as she walks up the driveway. The door CREAKS as once again the soft wind blows.

There are a few steps leading up. She slowly climbs, the sound of cheap wood beneath her feet.

EXT. TRAILER

Kinsey's eyes try to break through the darkness.

She steps softly on the metal edge of the doorway, she hears the crack of her weight against the cheap siding.

One last time she looks back before...

VOICE (O.S.)
(whispers)
Hello?

Kinsey's back hits the railing behind her. She turns to run, her body clutching itself. In a second she'll be down the steps...

But then she hears it again.

VOICE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Who's there?

A tiny WHISPER, almost like the wind. The VOICE is young like a little girl, like a child's...

VOICE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Leave me alone.

Kinsey stares back, her eyes adjusting to the dark shadows that fill the lifeless trailer.

KINSEY
It's okay...

VOICE
(whispers)
Get out of here. Don't come any closer.

We watch as the young girl slowly moves back, but her body still leans forward. Again we hear the CRACK of the metal beneath her as she steps closer and closer to the door.

KINSEY
Where are you?

VOICE
I won't...I won't tell you.

KINSEY
Come outside so I can help you.

VOICE
Go away!

Silence. Again the young girl steps closer.

KINSEY
Come outside.

VOICE
No...what if you're one of them.

KINSEY
Who are they?

VOICE
(whispers)
The bad people.

Kinsey's eyes search the shadows. The trailer is bare. We watch her lean closer and closer, her eyes as big as saucers.

KINSEY
Where are you?

Somewhere inside the empty walls she hears someone move.

Tiny FOOTSTEPS on the thin cheap floors.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Hello?

VOICE
(whispers)
Leave me alone.

Kinsey stands, swaying back and forth, the confusion fighting through her face. For a moment, she is pulled back to the door.

KINSEY
(whispers)
Please. I don't want to be alone. I promise I won't hurt you.

Silence.

INT. TRAILER

The dusty carpet cradles Kinsey's toes as she walks into the living room. Again the door CREAKS behind her. All around her curtains slowly wave back and forth in the cool breeze.

KINSEY
Where are you?

INT. TRAILER - HALL

Like the inside of all the trailers there is a long hallway.

The young girl creeps forward. An open door calling for her.

VOICE
(whispers)
They tried to kill me.

Past the door frame Kinsey can see an open window, a street light shines a pale glow across the floor. She inches forward peeking her face just inside the room.

INT. TRAILER - BEDROOM

There is someone in the corner. Her tiny body in a ball. In the shadows Kinsey can see the child's body shivering in fear.

VOICE
Please don't hurt me.

She steps slowly inside. The fragile stranger's face is buried in the shadows of the corner.

KINSEY
It's okay...

VOICE
(whispers)
Are you scared?

Kinsey turns back, the blank walls, the ceiling closing in on her. She hears the wind RATTLING against the window frame.

We watch her pretty face nod up and down.

Gently she reaches out...she is only a foot away.

KINSEY
They killed my Mom.

That is when she sees the knife on the ground. Her tiny knee POPS as she leans forward. She is almost there.

VOICE
(whispers)
I know.

Suddenly, the young stranger turns, but there is no crying girl. Where there should be a face, there is only plastic. Where there should be eyes, there is only black.

<u>The Pin-Up Girl's mask raises from the darkness.</u>

The childlike whimpers are gone. Now there is only LAUGHTER.

KINSEY
No...

IN AN INSTANT, PIN-UP REACHES OUT AND GRABS KINSEY'S HAND.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
No!

The young girl SCREAMS as the woman stands before her.

Kinsey tumbles to the ground as the knife flies into the air.

There is no time, Kinsey spins turning towards the door.

INT. TRAILER - HALLWAY

We hear the rumble of FOOTSTEPS as they pour down the darkened hall. But the woman runs so much faster.

Kinsey stumbles forward, the walls, the curtains, everything pouring past her. She hears the pounding feet behind her.

KINSEY
Leave me alone!

She is almost out the door when she sees the Man in the Mask blocking the light. She sees the ax in his hands.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
No!

INT. TRAILER - KITCHEN

Spinning away like a crooked top she stumbles to the kitchen. But suddenly the FOOTSTEPS behind her stop. She spins back at the wall. Her tiny fists shooting out in front of her.

We hear her SCREAM.

KINSEY
Stop!

But the door SLAMS. For a moment all is still. We see the fear, the terror in Kinsey's face as she opens her eyes.

In the darkness, the wind blows the curtains of the windows.

Finally the young girl takes air back into her lungs. Tears fall down her face as she spins back and forth, searching.

There is no one there.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
No...

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Luke sprints forward. He spins back and forth.

LUKE
Kinsey! Kinsey! I can hear you!
Where are you!

Over and over he turns, the trailers...the streets. Every direction he turns seems to be the same.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Kinsey!

Luke turns running towards one of the trailers.

He slams up the steps, leaping onto the railing. With all his strength he thrusts his hands onto the roof, then pulls himself on top.

EXT. TRAILER - ROOF

For the first time he can see the true size of the park.

In the distance, he sees the woods that outline the back fence behind the last row of trailers. He sees the highway. The headlights pouring past the park as drivers move along the road without a care in the world.

We hear his feet pound back and forth across the shingles as he searches for any sign of his sister.

LUKE
Kinsey!

Suddenly, from somewhere to his left he hears a small trace of the young girl's scream.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I'm here. Tell me where you are!

INT. TRAILER

Kinsey slowly moves past the counter. Her hands slam against the cheap laminated counters. She stands in the middle of the trailer as the wind blows back and forth across the windows.

For a moment, all she does is SCREAM. Her voice seems to bounce off the thin wood panels that surround her.

Still the door remains closed, still she is alone.

KINSEY
Leave me alone!

Nothing. The young girl slides against the wall, falling to the floor. She crawls into the center of the "Living Room" her eyes locked on the door before her.

Her screams drift away as the stillness, the silence seems to take over the room.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Leave me alone...

We listen to each of her shallow BREATHS as they pour from her chest. We watch her terrified eyes dart back and forth as she waits for someone to walk through the door.

EXT. TRAILER - ROOF

Luke stares out at the silence that has returned. He is locked on the trailers that the sound had come from.

LUKE
Kinsey!

But there is no response.

Luke turns back to the steps, he almost leaps down when right before he jumps he hears another sound.

From somewhere, the truck's familiar RUMBLE. He turns back, suddenly a few streets over he sees the headlights appear and then vanish.

He spots the truck moving to the corner of the park. The same place he heard Kinsey's scream. He hears the truck pick up speed. He hears the accelerator roar.

He knows where it is going.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Oh no.

Slam. Luke leaps to the porch. In a moment we watch him sprint towards the darkness, as the sound of the truck grows louder and louder inside his ears.

INT. TRAILER

Kinsey's head sits on her chest as she sits, waiting.

There is no sound. Nothing. A slight breeze blows across her hair. For a moment she closes her eyes.

Like distant THUNDER she hears it. A truck moving closer.

We watch her slowly stand in the shadows as the noise grows stronger. We watch her turn one more time searching for a place to hide.

KINSEY
(whispers)
Daddy...please be you.

Suddenly, a light appears in the window. Faint at first. Just a trace. The THUNDER is growing. Kinsey turns towards the door, her eyes trying to see.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Daddy?

We hear her feet as they slide across the carpet. The walls, the curtains surround her as she shuffles weakly across the room.

She almost reaches the door, the truck roaring so loud.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Please...

She is almost there.

SUDDENLY THE TRAILER SLAMS BACK LIKE AN EARTH QUAKE.

The wall, the door, everything is thrown. Like a battering ram, the truck slams the single frame trailer like a metallic bull. The force blasts Kinsey back against the floor.

She SCREAMS as she is thrown like a doll. The truck ROARS.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Luke's legs can barely carry him fast enough as he sprints forward. He hears the CRASH. He hears his sister's SCREAM.

Then there is only silence.

Without hesitation he turns the corner, he sees the dead end, the trailer with the pink curtains. He sees the truck now sitting in the middle of the road.

The engine RUMBLES. No one is inside.

He never stops. The gun waves back and forth in his hand as he runs for what is left of the door.

INT. TRAILER

We watch him leap up into the trailer. He turns, SCREAMING.

LUKE
Kinsey! Kinsey!

Then he sees her. Her small body laying across the ground.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Kinsey!

The moment he touches her she springs to life. Fighting, SCREAMING, her fists beating against his skin.

KINSEY
No! No!

LUKE
Look at me. Look! It's okay!

Luke spins back, searching the shadows. All around him there is nothing. Kinsey wraps around his neck, her trembling body pulling close to her brother.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Are you alright? Kinsey...are you okay?

KINSEY
My head...

The curtains dance in the breeze. Luke spins back trying to see what is behind them.

LUKE
(whispers)
We have to go.

KINSEY
No! They're out there. They're waiting!

LUKE
Listen to me. We have to get to the road.

He spins her around, picking her up like a bride.

KINSEY
Where's Daddy? Luke where's Dad?

LUKE
(whispers)
We'll find him.

EXT. TRAILER

There are no steps. There is no door. Luke leaps down into the grass, his sister in his arms. Gently, he helps her stand as they stare out into the darkness.

He fires the gun into the air. Spinning in circles.

There is only silence.

LUKE
(whispers)
Where did they go?

KINSEY
They're waiting for you.

The truck RUMBLES.

LUKE
Oh shit.

A Stranger's darkened face sits inside the cab.

Luke looks down into Kinsey's eyes as they hit the road. With all his strength he pushes forward.

LUKE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Don't scream. Don't scream.

Suddenly they hear the ROAR. Luke spins, running towards the street. The tires SCREECH. The truck moves like a dragon behind them. He hears it crash into a pile of trash cans.

He knows it is only a few feet away.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Fuck!

EXT. TRAILER PARK - BACK YARDS

The two sprint forward. Jumping back and forth between a trailer, then another as they move through the small spaces between the abandoned lots and empty homes.

KINSEY
Keep going!

Neither of the two children can turn around, they cannot bear to look. The truck jumps the curb, moving towards them.

WITHOUT WARNING THE MAN IN THE MASK TURNS A CORNER, THE AX INSIDE HIS HAND.

LUKE
No.

He fires a shot behind him as he runs with every ounce of energy he has left.

KINSEY
They're everywhere!

Somewhere close by they hear the truck RUMBLING. They spin to the street as the remaining headlight pours out before them.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Luke!

Deeper and deeper into the maze they sprint. Luke can hear Kinsey SCREAMING. He hears his own BREATH, his HEART. The truck is so close.

They round the corner...

LUKE
Come on...

EXT. TRAILER PARK

There is a trailer sitting at the end of the street.

KINSEY
Go Luke...Go!

Luke sprints forward with his sister. The truck's tires SCREECH as it moves closer.

Three cars sit "hidden" in the shadows. Warm light dancing inside one of the windows.

There is someone else inside the park.

With one leap the two teens hit the porch never looking back.

INT. PARTY TRAILER - LIVING ROOM

The wooden door flies against the wall.

Luke slams it behind them as Kinsey falls to the floor staring at the strange faces all staring back at them.

BOY (O.S.)
What the fuck?

There is a sea of candles across the floor, across the window frames. Plastic cups of beer and wine, an IPOD player sitting on a makeshift card table, stale smoke hanging in the air...

FIVE HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS hiding out, enjoying their night.

Kinsey turns back to her brother, her chest heaving. The young man looks around, eying the small crowd.

Even on a normal day, Kinsey and Luke's attire would be in stark contrast to the wealthy clothes they see before them, but tonight, the cuts, the wounds, the blood stand out more than the designer labels.

GIRL 1
(softly)
You're in my math class.

Kinsey leans by the wall as tears and sweat drip from her face.

KINSEY
(panting)
Y'all have to help us...

Slowly the room stands, each of the teens staring at the two intruders who have crashed their get-together.

BOY 1
What are y'all doing here?

KINSEY
There's people in the park. They attacked us. They killed...

Luke turns back to the windows, searching the darkness.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Luke, what is it? Where are they?

LUKE
I don't know.

BOY 2
Dude, tell us what the fuck...

Luke spins back towards the room. Without warning, he dives forward grabbing a cellphone from the hands of one of the girls mid text message.

GIRL 1
Hey!

A large hand grabs Luke's shoulder. The men in the room suddenly on high alert.

BOY 1
Back off.

Without even looking up Luke shoves the man-child away.

BOY 1 (CONT'D)
What is going on?

LUKE
Block the door.

BOY 1
Fuck you.

KINSEY
Do it. Help us!

A wave of awkward WHISPERS almost overpowers the music as confusion and excitement fill the room all at once.

GIRL 2
Are you guys serious?

KINSEY
Just let us call the police.

GIRL 2
You can't bring the police here.

LUKE
We have to...

BOY 1
Dude you can't call anybody. We got weed. We got beer. Are you fucking kidding me?

Luke reaches over slamming the IPOD off the speakers. Suddenly the room is silent.

BOY 1 (CONT'D)
Back the fuck off. Calm down.

SLAM. Luke is thrust up against the wall by the massive kid with the acne and the anger of a college wrestler.

LUKE
Get the fuck off me. This isn't a joke.

Kinsey moves awkwardly to the boys, trying to pry Luke free.

KINSEY
They're killers...My Mom is dead. Listen to us!

LUKE
Please...

Like a light bulb flickering softly, the brains of the teenagers try and comprehend what they are seeing in their drunken states. One of the girls even moves towards the window.

It is her words that stop the fighting.

Her words change everything.

GIRL 1
There is someone out there.

Like water from an open damn, everyone moves to the window.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - STREET

THEY SEE A SHADOW, A STILL FRAME STANDING BENEATH A STREET LIGHT.

GIRL 2
What is this?

LUKE
It’s them.

INT. TRAILER

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Kinsey’s SCREAMS fill the silence. The wave of teenagers that had approached the window, now storm backwards. At once every eye in the room is on the front door.

Girls grab boys. Boys cling to their women. Fear suddenly drapes across everyone’s eyes.

GIRL 1
(whispers)
What the fuck is that?

Silence. The whole room, Luke and Kinsey included, inch closer and closer together. The center of the trailer suddenly resembles a frozen dance floor.

KINSEY
They’re coming...

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Everyone stares at the thin wooden door before them.

GIRL 2
(whispers)
Who did you bring here?

LUKE
(whispers)
I don’t know...

BOY 1
Call...call the police.

But no one can move. Outside the wind blows softly against the metal walls. The teenagers stand.

They never see him. He is only a couple of feet away.

The Man in the Mask hovers in the hallway that leads to the bedrooms. In the darkness, we see the candle light flickering across the walls. We see it dance across his man made face.

All eyes in the room are turned away from him. He listens to them WHISPER. He listens to their fear.

GIRL 1
Please call.

The Man in the Mask lifts his ax. He never makes a sound.

KINSEY
(whispers)
Luke.

There is a SCREAM. The faces of the room spin to the corner.

They hear the WHOOSH. There was a young woman standing by the fireplace. She was closest to him.

The room spins out of control as the Stranger whips the blade back into the air, blood covering the wall. She never even set down the beer she was holding, the plastic cup falls to floor.

GIRL 2
Oh my God!

There is no time to fight back. The Man is like a bull.

There is no stopping him as the monster kills “wrestler” before him. The boy does not even have time to react when the blade slices his throat.

The room is nothing but a chorus of SCREAMS and SHRIEKS as suddenly the candles are falling over each other as everyone runs for door. The trailer creaks back and forth as the wave of teenagers rushes for some sort of escape.

LUKE
Kinsey go!

EXT. PARTY TRAILER

He pushes forward swinging open the door as everyone left standing rushes outside. He turns back through the crowd, searching for his sister.

He sees her moving towards him. She is almost out the door.

<u>That is when the Man swings the axe towards her.</u>

LUKE
No!

Luke watches her eyes as the blade clips the back of her thigh. He hears her SCREAM. HER TERROR. Instantly he fires the last shot towards the Stranger. But the bullet never reaches him, instead slamming against the wall.

Kinsey dives forward into Luke's arms. Behind them Luke sees the man standing over some KID. He must of been in the bathroom. He never had a chance.

<u>The young man's hands try to stop the blade.</u>

One of the boys dives into the van slamming the doors. The last girl runs for road. She almost makes it into the clearing...

<u>When Pin Up catches her as well.</u>

The young woman's SCREAM fills the night air.

Luke pulls Kinsey into the yard. He hears an engine STARTING.

SLAM. His fist hits the window. He reaches down trying to open the door, suddenly realizing that the van is locked.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Let us in!

BOY 1
There's no room!

The engine ROARS as the wheels spin in the grass.

KINSEY
Stop!

Kinsey pleads at the window. She sees the face of the terrified boy looking back at her with horror in his eyes.

BOY 1
I can't!

Suddenly the van ROARS off into the street.

There is no time. Luke and Kinsey sprint for the darkness.

They can hear the SCREAMING as the boy in the trailer fights one last time. They hear him crying out...

Then there is nothing but silence.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The van slams across the roads, moving over driveways and yards, anything to get to the entrance faster.

INT. VAN (MOVING)

The young man driving turns to the backseat as he collides with a mailbox. Suddenly, he sees the blue glow of his phone inside the pile of crap in the floor.

He reaches out, again the van almost flips. We hear the tires SCREECHING against the pavement as the wheel spins in his hand.

He dials the phone in an instant, his eyes shooting back into the darkness.

BOY 1
Hello? You have to help us!

The engine ROARS as he approaches the highway.

BOY 1 (CONT'D)
No! We never called you before!
This isn't a joke!

Everyone turns looking forward as they approach highway.

BOY 1 (CONT'D)
Listen bitch, just fucking help me.

Suddenly the line is dead.

BOY 1 (CONT'D)
Are you fucking serious?

The boy slams the phone against the dash. The van spirals forward as he pushes the pedal to the floor.

VOICE (O.S.)
(whispers)
Where are you going?

He looks back in the rearview mirror.

BOY 1
Who is that?

He sees the silhouette of a girl blocking his eye line. Someone sitting in the back of the van.

BOY 1 (CONT'D)
Hey. Who is that?

The road is no more than a hundred yards away. The rec center speeds past him. The metal fence getting closer by the second. Over and over the street light blasts down upon them.

BOY 1 (CONT'D)
Are you that girl? Who are you!?

The boy whips back. He sees the still figure sitting in the back of the van, blocking the window. A wave of light passes over the windshield. We see his face, his fear...

He sees the stranger's mask.

BOY 1 (CONT'D)
Shit.

There is no time for a warning.

We hear the engine ROAR. Fifty yards...Forty...Thirty.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The van pushes forward, but suddenly spins out of control.

The gate was so close, but now, the engine slows.

Like a deer shot from a hundred yards away, we watch the van sputter, drifting. It hits the curb of an empty lot and slides to a halt.

For a moment all is still. Then the engine dies and the sound of an opening door fills the silence.

We see Dollface slowly walk back towards the park.

INT. TRAILER (CANDLE PARTY)

Candles flicker slowly over the bodies that now litter the floor beside the pieces of trash. It is like a battle zone.

A lonely cigarette burns in an ashtray. The smoke lingering in the air above the carnage. The wind blows the curtains.

Everyone is dead.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

We float along the empty "city."

The trailers sitting alone. The world suddenly calm again.

The world asleep once again. The Strangers are hiding.

EXT. TRAILER

Luke rips his fingers into the metal skirt that flows beneath a trailer. With all his might, he pulls away the flimsy panel, opening a small door for Kinsey to crawl through.

Checking one last time to make sure the coast is clear, Luke and his sister disappear underneath the double-wide.

INT. BENEATH THE TRAILER

He attempts to hide their tracks, desperately trying in vain to cover the hole. Finally they are covered in the darkness.

Luke hears Kinsey's WEEPING beside him. Her back rests on the dusty cobweb covered ground. He slides her gently away from his makeshift door. They finally stop in the center of the trailer, the low ceiling just inches from their heads.

KINSEY
(whispers)
Where's Dad? Where's Daddy?

LUKE
Ssh...it'll be okay.

KINSEY
Where's Dad? Where is he?

Luke can barely see her, but even in the shadows, he sees the blood dripping from her leg. He rips off his shirt, tying it around her body even as she pulls away.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
It hurts...it hurts.

LUKE
I know, I know...but you have to be quiet.

KINSEY
When is he gonna get here? Did he go to the road?

Luke hangs over his sister, their faces so close together. He can see her trembling. He is shaking as well.

LUKE
He's gone. He's gone.

KINSEY
Where'd he go?

The young girl's voice BREAKS as Luke touches her face.

LUKE
(whispers)
He died. Dad died.

The words seem to pierce her heart, right in front of him.

KINSEY
(whispers)
No.

LUKE
Yes.

Luke grabs Kinsey wrapping her up in his arms. He can feel her head as it twists back and forth.

KINSEY
Maybe you're wrong? Maybe he's...

LUKE
It's okay. It'll be alright.

KINSEY
No it's not!

The young girl tries to scream. She cannot control herself. Luke grabs her close to him, holding her against his chest.

All around them, the trailer's panels form a thin wall. Luke can hear his sister's BREATHS as he stares out, trying to spot the evil that is hunting them.

There are holes in the metal, little chinks in the armor filled with light, like stars in the sky.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
What are we gonna do?

Luke stares out into the darkness before him. His eyes searching. He can feel the blood dribbling slowly down his face. He can feel his sister trembling by his side.

LUKE
I have to get you out. Dad wanted me to help you. I have to make you safe.

KINSEY
How are we gonna make it?

LUKE
I don't know...

KINSEY
You have to know. You have to.

Kinsey rocks in his arms. For a moment they both cry.

LUKE
I'm gonna go out there. I'm gonna try and...

KINSEY
...We have to go together.

LUKE
Listen to me...

KINSEY
No.

LUKE
That might be the only way.

The young man rises wiping the tears away with his dirty hands. He looks at the man made stars. The door he made.

LUKE (CONT'D)
They don't want to play any more.

He looks down at Kinsey, the fear gone from his eyes.

LUKE (CONT'D)
They would have killed us all back there. They know we're out here and they'll want us together. They'll be waiting. But I can make it.

KINSEY
What are you gonna do?.

LUKE
I'm gonna try and get keys to one of the cars from the party. Then I'll drive over here and get you.

KINSEY
I'm coming with you.

LUKE
No. Not with your leg. You stay here and I'll do it.

KINSEY
What if something happens? What if they see you?

Luke stares into the darkness, the words sinking in. He turns back to his sister...a sudden calmness in his eyes.

LUKE
Then you wait here until the sun comes up. Do you hear me? You wait no matter what. They won't stay around when its day time. Then you go to the road.

KINSEY
I want to help you. They're everywhere. Let me help you.

LUKE
If they see me, I'll lead them away from you. I'm gonna protect you.

KINSEY
They'll kill you.

LUKE
I can't take a chance that something will happen to you. You're the only thing...

Luke shakes his head back and forth.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You're the only thing that matters.

Luke kisses her hand like a princess. The young girl can barely keep her eyes open through the tears and the blood.

KINSEY
Please don't die.

LUKE
I won't. Do you hear me? Dad wanted me to make you safe. I'll keep them away and you'll see, tonight we will be together. I'm not gonna die.

Kinsey nods her head, the fear still in her tiny face. Luke sets her down and crawls towards the edge of the trailer where a tiny sliver of light remains.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Do you see that trailer? When I get the car going I will drive over here, you be ready. You have to run.

In the distance, they can see the house still glowing. The remains of the fire dancing in the windows from the party.

KINSEY
What if they catch me?

LUKE
I'll kill them before they get to touch you. But you have to run.

Luke pushes open the metal panel, gently, he peeks out searching for any sign of them.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Just wait until you see me. There's got to be some keys in that trailer.

Slowly he pushes back the wall, the streetlight fading from Kinsey's face as he tries to hide her.

KINSEY
I love you.

For one last moment the brother and sister look into each other's eyes.

LUKE
I love you too.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NEAR THE PARTY TRAILER

The young man's shadow falls across the grass as he steps out into the opening.

All around him there is only silence.

Empty windows and empty lots. There is no sign of the strangers anywhere as he creeps towards the last trailer on the street. The candles's flames still dancing in the open doorway.

The bodies still laying in the yard.

He leans down, lifting the man's ax from the concrete. He sees the blood, the pieces of skin still hanging to the metal.

It stains his bare chest as he presses it against his skin.

One more quick look around. Then Luke walks over to one of his former classmates. He can see the keys in her hand.

The keys jingle inside his hand, a small chain dangling down with some unused mace, a rape whistle. All useless now.

He pulls them from her hand and turns towards the cars. There is a tiny hatchback by the curb. Luke walks over and with a turn of the wrist, lets himself inside.

INT. BENEATH THE TRAILER

The light from the crack is like oxygen as Kinsey kneels before it. She watches her brother disappear into the car.

KINSEY
(whispers)
Please...

EXT. TRAILER PARK

But there is only silence.

LUKE
What the fuck?

Over and over the boy tries to turn the keys. But there is nothing. Silence.

It is only then that Luke notices that the hood is open. Only then does he realize the crack, the metal slightly ajar.

It is only then does he realize that they were here.

EXT. TRAILER

SLAM. The car door flies back and Luke throws open the hood. The battery is gone. The wires laying across the engine like broken ribs inside a ripped open chest.

The young man turns surveying the other cars.

He can see flattened tires. Broken windshields.

SLAM. Luke slings the blade down into the hood of the last remaining car.

LUKE
Come on! No more games! You don't have to sneak up on me...I'm right here! I'm waiting!

He slams the ax through the windshield, his anger boiling over inside himself.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Where are you?! Huh?

The wind blows across the empty street. The trees shaking, leaves fall to the ground. But again there is no sign of life.

CRASH. Again the blade swings. SLAM.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Bring your little three-way out here!

He thrusts the ax against the door.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I'm not afraid of you!

Luke stands, his body flexing as his anger, as his rage replaces the fear that once existed.

Just beyond him, he can see the terrified face of one of his old classmates. He sees the dead eyes staring up at him.

WHEN HE LOOKS UP AGAIN, HE SEES THE MAN IN THE MASK STANDING DOWN THE ROAD.

He sees him walk out into the street light, the warm glow falling against his shoulders.

He watches the hand made face staring back at him.

CREAK. One foot steps down on the wooden steps.

Luke spins moving back from the yard into the street as he sees another face. The Pin-Up Girl emerges from the shadows of the doorway. He sees the knife inside her hands.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Come out here. Come on!

He turns back to the road and the Man still stands, but this time he is closer.

A pile of trash cans fall to the ground as Luke backpedals into the street. The loud explosion fills his ears. He spins back and forth from the two dead faces as they watch him.

LUKE (CONT'D)
I'm here. Are you afraid?

SUDDENLY THE WORLD GOES BLACK.

The street lights across the park vanish. The power cut. Luke turns back and forth as the blackness surrounds him.

He can barely see a foot in front of his face.

The moon dances in and out of the clouds.

But he knows that they are gone.

INT. BENEATH THE TRAILER

Kinsey hides her muffled screams inside her hands as she watches the darkness, searching for some sign of her brother.

KINSEY
Be okay....be okay.

She hears him slam into the trash cans once again. She hears the lid rattling on the street in the silence.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NEAR THE PARTY TRAILER

A deep BREATH.

Luke moves across the yard towards the open door.

The ax waves in his hand as he walks towards where the Pin-Up once stood.

INT. PARTY TRAILER

Slowly he passes the body that lays across the doorway. His boots snap back from the dried blood that clings to them.

There is no one inside. The couch is now empty. The remaining candles are desperately holding onto their lives.

Luke sees his own reflection in the cheap mirror above the plastic mantle. The ground creaks below him as he walks down the hallway where the Man in the Mask had come through before.

The blade of the ax seems to lead him with every step.

We hear his BREATH as he moves from room to room.

Each doorway is empty. Bare floors and the blank walls.

INT. TRAILER - LIVING ROOM

As he passes back before the doorway, Luke looks out at the street, he can see the trailer where Kinsey is hiding.

He turns back, towards the kitchen. Just beyond the counter he sees nothing but cheap linoleum. An empty 12-pack rests on the counter. A bag of ice melts beside it.

The house is empty.

LUKE
(whispers)
Where are you?

For a moment, Luke stands staring at the empty room. He hears his own breath, the sound of his heart beating in his chest.

The wind blows across the blackened street.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Shit...what do I do?

Behind him, the Pin-Up Girl rises above the kitchen counter.

The blade in the woman's hand hangs down by her leg. She moves like a ghost, each step slow. Her body tight, still.

She moves closer and closer as Luke heads back slowly to the door. We watch her blade rise in the air.

We watch her inch forward.

Luke takes a step towards the door. Another.

The woman moving slowly behind him. The blade rises.

She is almost there.

Luke barely sees it. His reflection in the mirror. One last look before he makes it outside.

He barely sees the mask floating in the darkness beside him as he creeps towards the bodies on the ground. We hear his feet sticking to their blood once again. Luke BREATHES.

It happens in an instant. There is no time to run...

THE KNIFE SWINGS DOWN AND LUKE SPINS.

We hear him scream out as the blade of the ax slams inside the woman's chest. It happens in an instant.

There is no time to run.

The Pin-Up Girl falls to the ground.

Luke spins back. The fear in his face. The woman collapses.

Luke tumbles to the door.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You fucks! I have her! Do you hear me!? Do you!? You want her back, come and get her!

In the darkness he hears the woman slamming her body against the ground. THUD. THUD.

Like a fish pulled out of the water she moves back and forth, her body convulsing. He hears her scream, for a moment, she is nothing but a person.

Luke tries to remain calm, his mind is spinning. He falls to his knees above her. The knife still rests in her hand.

He leans down in the shadows. He pulls it from her hand.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You're gonna die. Do you understand?
You could've left us...

The dead eyes of the mask stare forward as the woman's BREATHS grow slower and slower. She reaches out for his face. But there is no strength left in her hand.

Luke's eyes watch her fingers fall back to the floor as her breaths grow weaker and weaker. He can see the vein in her neck beating, heart raising.

LUKE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Are you scared?

But the smiling face never answers.

The mask slides back to the ground. The pale face smiling up to the young man as the stranger rests her head on the floor.

LUKE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
I know you are.

For a moment all is still. Then he hears her LAUGH.

He looks back at the darkness as the sound of the woman fades. Luke's hands grip the ax. He watches the moonlight briefly flash across the empty street.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Your friends will be here soon.

But suddenly, he realizes that Pin-Up is dead.

The cheap plastic smile. The black eyes staring back at him.

He can see blood dripping down her neck, *she had been choking.*

Once again, Luke is alone.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NEAR THE PARTY TRAILER

The blade of the ax scrapes along the driveway as Luke walks out into the open street once again.

He holds an open gas can in one hand. An old quilt from the couch is tossed over his shoulder. We watch him stand, staring into the darkness.

Suddenly a flame erupts from a lighter. A blanket of fire is thrown before him.

LUKE
Where are you?!

More and more Luke pours the gasoline across the flames. The fire almost licking his face as he stands.

INT. BENEATH THE TRAILER

Kinsey watches as the fire builds. She sees her brother. She sees the blood that covers his skin. She sees rage in his eyes.

And then she sees the Man.

The young girl cannot control herself, before she has even realized what she has done the words have escaped her lips.

KINSEY
Luke! Watch out!

She watches Luke spin towards her. She sees the fear slam back into his face.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Watch out!

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NEAR THE PARTY TRAILER

The Man in the Mask never stops. He sprints forward from the darkness as Luke turns.

LUKE
No!

The ax rises in Luke's hands as he runs forward. He swings with all his strength. We hear the blade cut through the wind. The whip of the wood inside the air, the metal.

We hear the Man catch it in his hand.

<u>We see him stab Luke in the chest.</u>

There is a SCREAM, but not like a yell.

The sound that escapes the young man's lips is different. Like when a dog is taken down by a car.

The life trying to escape, not yet ready to go.

Luke scrambles back as the monster towers over him. He reaches down trying to rip the ax back, but the stranger tosses his hand away.

LUKE (CONT'D)
(choking)
Leave us alone!

But the Man barely looks down at him.

Suddenly the ax is back inside the Man's hands.

The young boy turns, trying to crawl. We can hear him trying to breathe, but the sound is more like drowning.

He turns towards Kinsey, his eyes searching the darkness.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Run! Run!

But there is no more air to escape his lips.

The boy looks up as the fire burns beside him. He sees the dead face before him. The brown cloth bag, the black eyes.

We hear Luke's last BREATHS. The fear in his voice.

The Man lifts the ax in the darkness.

LUKE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Just stop...Just st...

The blade flies down into his chest.

The boy is dead.

INT. BENEATH THE TRAILER

Kinsey's face crumbles as she watches her brother's body flip over. She watches the ax pulled from his chest.

The Man in the Mask turns peering into the darkness towards her. Tears fall down Kinsey's cheeks as she watches the stranger staring back at the trailer where she is hidden.

For a moment, the two remain locked together.

For a moment, she cannot break away from the evil stare. The flames beside him, behind her brother, are fading. The strange mask drifts deeper and deeper into the shadows.

Then the fire is gone.

Kinsey slides across the dirty floor like a snake, her body frantically moving side to side in the filth. Her clothes, once clean, are now stained with the dirt, the cobwebs, the blood. Her skin, once clean, is now covered in grime.

She looks back at the small crack where the light had been. There are no stars on the walls anymore.

We hear her tiny GASPS as she tries to breathe. There is nothing but silence outside as she listens, trying to hear something, anything.

SUDDENLY BEHIND THE CRACK, A BODY PASSES.

The young girl slams back in the darkness.

All at once, each wall seems to vibrate as the blade of a knife slides across the trailer's sides.

The blackness covers her tiny face. Her eyes swirl back and forth in the shadows. She watches as the cracks of the trailer fill with the dim moonlight and then disappear once again. There is someone out there. *They* are out there...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(whispers)
We know where you are.

Suddenly all is still. Kinsey's silent WHIMPER rings inside her ears as she stares at the walls.

SLAM. A hand slaps against the metal. We see the tears dripping down the little girl's face as she holds her breath.

For a moment. There is nothing. Stillness. Silence.

Then there is a sound. A FOOTSTEP.

Like thunder. Just above her. It is only a couple of feet away. So close it is almost as if they are right on top of her.

Kinsey twists and turns. She can hear the feet running across the floor over and over. Her eyes dart back and forth from the make-shift ceiling above her to the flimsy wall that Luke had once made to protect her.

SLAM. The footsteps beat down again.

Each rumble seems to almost break her. Silence. Then once again pounding continues.

Kinsey can hear them talking. She hears their WHISPERS almost as if it was the wind. Slowly she begins to creep, pulling her wounded leg behind her like a chain around her neck.

She is almost to the doors. Again the ceiling is still. All is quiet. She hears their VOICES. She is only a few feet from the door. Kinsey hears the woman SCREAM.

Then SLAM. The blade of the ax shoots down above her face.

The steel rips inside, inches from Kinsey's head.

SLAM. AGAIN. AGAIN.

Each time it seems to get closer. Kinsey spins, pressing her back against the dirt as far as she can. She is almost digging herself a grave as the metal shoots through the wood directly above her face.

KINSEY
(whispers)
Please...

Out of the darkness, like metal hands the ax reaches for her. Over and over. There is no stopping it.

With all her remaining strength, Kinsey bursts forward moving towards the metal wall. She hurls herself through the doorway. The metal slamming against her skin.

EXT. TRAILER

Kinsey crawls and then she pushes herself up, forcing her body to stand. Her body leaps on the one good leg, each foot, each inch is like a mile.

She comes to the same street where her brother died. Finally, she cannot balance any longer.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - STREET

Kinsey slams to the concrete.

She hears someone run down the steps of the trailer where she had been hiding. She hears the FOOTSTEPS coming towards her.

Her body pushes itself across the asphalt.

Dollface walks slowly behind, watching her.

KINSEY
Leave me alone. Stop!

We watch as the young girl's hands dig into the pavement. She is literally dragging herself across the gravel.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Please.

But the woman with a face like a doll never stops.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
No!

Finally, it is too much. She cannot pull herself any longer. With her last bit of energy, she turns over to face her attacker. Her hands lift above her body. Sweat drips down into her face like rain, it burns her eyes.

She hears the CRACKLE of Dollface's feet on the path she had just crossed. Soon the stranger is standing above her.

Kinsey can see the knife in her hand. For a moment there is only the sound of Kinsey's tears, of her crying. She closes her pretty eyes. For a moment, there is nothing but SCREAMS.

DOLLFACE
Ssh...

KINSEY
We didn't do anything to you! Just leave me alone!

The cold plastic mask watches the young girl. The black eyes staring down. Kinsey can barely breathe. Barely speak.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
What did we ever do to you?

The words seem to hang in the air as the young girl finally looks up to stare at her attacker.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
What did we do?

DOLLFACE
You found us.

Kinsey watches the blade lift into the air.

KINSEY
I'm sorry...

In a moment, it will all be over.

DOLLFACE
Sorry doesn't matter. Everyone is sorry for something.

The knife flies towards Kinsey's face, the young girl SCREAMS.

BOOM. A gunshot rips into the night. BOOM. Kinsey rocks against the concrete as the explosion fills the air.

Suddenly Dollface spins. There never is a scream.

The young girl watches in horror as blood fills the stranger's chest. The woman never cries but...

The knife falls against the cold hard ground.

Dollface lands beside it.

VOICE (O.S.)
Stay where you are.

Kinsey spins back, she can see someone standing in the darkness. A POLICE OFFICER.

POLICE OFFICER
Stay where you are. It's okay.

He steps forward, the cold shadows still surrounding him.

KINSEY
Wait. He's out there!

POLICE OFFICER
Who? Who's out there?

KINSEY
Stay back!

She can hear the boots of the officer as they crackle against the asphalt. She tries to rise, tries to see where the Man in the Mask is hiding. She stares at the trailer.

There is no one, nothing.

POLICE OFFICER
You're alright.

KINSEY
No it's not!

POLICE OFFICER
Tell me what happened here.

The man reaches down and Kinsey flinches back, her body trembling. Somewhere in the distance there is a sound. SOMETHING MOVING. A piece of metal in the wind.

Instantly the young girl SCREAMS again.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
(motioning towards Luke)
Listen to me. Is that boy okay?

KINSEY
(sobbing)
He's dead. Everybody's dead.

The cop helps Kinsey stand and quickly they move forward. She sees the trailer, the ashes, the bodies...

She sees where her brother died just minutes ago.

POLICE OFFICER
I'm gonna get you out of here.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Up ahead, the officer's car sits waiting as the radio BURSTS forth, a VOICE drawing them towards it.

KINSEY
Hurry.

POLICE OFFICER
Just a bit further.

His gun waves back and forth before them. Kinsey hobbles forward beside it. The park is still.

INT. SQUAD CAR

Another STATIC EXPLOSION from the radio.

RADIO (O.S.)
Car 57? Come back.

The child jumps at the sound of the human VOICE.

RADIO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Car 57? Gary?

POLICE OFFICER
(into radio)
We gotta get everybody out here.

KINSEY
Start the car.

POLICE OFFICER
Wait a second.

Kinsey SLAMS her hand down on the dash.

KINSEY
JUST GO.

POLICE OFFICER
We're okay.

KINSEY
No, we're not.

Suddenly the lights inside the park are lit once again.

Both passengers' heads spin like a top.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
It's not over.

SLAM. SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE PARK. THERE IS A EXPLOSION.

The officer turns back to Kinsey.

POLICE OFFICER
I want you to stay here.

KINSEY
Get me the fuck out of here.

POLICE OFFICER
You do what I say. Get on the radio and talk to them.

KINSEY
They're gonna kill you.

POLICE OFFICER
Get on the radio.

Slam. The officer closes the door.

INT. SQUAD CAR

Kinsey turns, helpless as she watches the man's shadow move back towards the trailers.

Her hands move down towards the radio as she watches him move towards the open doorway where her brother had once disappeared minutes ago.

RADIO
Gary, come back...

Suddenly, there is a GUN SHOT, then another.

Each time we watch the young girl flinch at the sound. But each time she never turns away.

RADIO (CONT'D)
Gary?

The park is silent. The doorway empty.

RADIO (CONT'D)
Car 57.

KINSEY
(into the mic)
Gary's dead.

She reaches down, feeling for the keys, but the ignition is empty. She hurls the mic into the dash.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

With everything she has left Kinsey thrusts back from the car.

The gravel twists beneath her as the she twists and turns trying to escape. One foot leads the other as she backpedals her eyes never leaving the squad car.

One foot leading the other.

Then, suddenly she sprints towards the highway.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

Kinsey sprints forward, her body moving through the empty trailer park one last time. She passes the house with the pink curtains, the street that Luke had crashed the truck.

She sees the playground, the tube, the merry-go-round.

Soon, she will see the highway, the cars, people.

That is when she hears the sound of the ENGINE.

That is when the trailer behind them explodes.

KINSEY
No!

The truck, like a monster, roars down the road just as Kinsey sees the metal fence. She turns one way, then another. Each time as she sprints, the truck seems to grow closer.

EXT. TRAILER PARK

The roads no longer hold the truck, there is no one single path. The Man in the Mask slams into the sides of the buildings, mailboxes, stop signs...anything that is in the way.

Kinsey sprints forward, moving towards the road.

She passes the pool. The rec center. Just behind her, the truck slams through an open wall moving directly towards her.

At the last second she dives to the grass as the truck barely misses her. The young girl stumbles forward. She hears the engine ROARING as the truck spins around moving towards her.

Kinsey runs with all her might. She sees the chain link fence just up ahead.

The truck RUMBLES behind, faster and faster, closer and closer.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - ENTRANCE

All she can do is SCREAM, there are no words. She hears the sound of the engine and the sound of her fear.

Her body flies forward through the gate as the truck barrels into it only seconds behind.

Kinsey dives down into the ditch by the sign she and Luke had read hours before. Her body rolls into the thorns and the brush as the tires shriek and the breaks scream.

The Man in the Mask cannot stop, the truck is moving too fast.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

When the 18-Wheeler collides with the side, the metal EXPLODES. The truck spins once, twice. There is nothing but the metallic screams as the big rig jackknifes.

There is nothing but a sea of smoke and fire.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DITCH

Suddenly it is silent. We hear a single BREATH.

The world fades back into focus as Kinsey opens her eyes.

There is a sound, the HORN of the pick up echoes in the darkness. For a moment all is still. Her tiny face peeks above the shadows of the ditch. For a moment all is still.

She can see the truck resting on the side of the road. The 18-Wheeler jack lying still beside it

The HORN CRIES OUT, almost as if it is calling out to her. The Man in the Mask presses against it, his body finally still.

She is almost too weak to stand, her broken body can barely raise itself up to the road, her tiny hands grab the earth in pieces, pulling herself up. We watch her stumble forward, then she collapses against the pavement. We watch her rise again.

Somewhere in the distance, there is a light.

Another pick up truck. Someone coming.

The headlights blast towards her. She is almost too frightened to move. Too frightened to raise her hand. For a moment it almost seems like she will let it pass.

But finally her mouth moves, finally we hear her wounded weak voice crying once again.

KINSEY
Help me!

The HORN CONTINUES ITS MOURNFUL WAIL as the young girl, covered in her family's blood, stumbles out to the road.

The brakes SCREECH.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Help me!

The woman inside the truck pulls over. Her large eyes moving from the destruction on the road to the child standing before her. Kinsey does not let her reach out. She does not even let her open the door.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Please drive. Please go.

She flings herself into the back of the bed, her knees slamming into the metal as she turns back towards the window.

The tears pour down her face.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Go!

For a moment, they both sit. The confusion on the woman's face. Kinsey can hear the truck IDLING.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Please...

WOMAN
It's alright.

And then the horn stops.

KINSEY
(whispers)
Oh God...

One BREATH. We see the young girl begin to tremble. She cannot do, she cannot force herself to turn back to the truck.

She does not want to see.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Please.

Silence.

WE WATCH HER SPIN AS SLAM! THE MAN GRABS THE TAILGATE.

Kinsey turns from the woman to the ax as it hits the metal wall.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Help me! Go!

Suddenly the truck shifts into gear. The blade slams down again as the Man's hands move closer and closer. The engine revs, the woman pushing the gas down to the floor.

The Man in the Mask leaps out, grabbing the truck's edge, the ax falling into the bed. Kinsey SCREAMS as she pushes herself against the wall. She can see the Man rising.

There is only a moment. Only a few seconds until he is inside. She sees the eyes looking at her. She sees the hatred, the rage.

She reaches out and grabs the ax. Her small hands trembling.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Leave me alone!

SHE SLICES IT THROUGH THE AIR. SHE SEES HIS HAND RIPPED APART.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Die!

Suddenly, the Man is gone. Kinsey watches him roll across the yellow lines. The suit sliding across the ground.

She turns back, in the reflection of the rearview mirror she sees the woman's face as Kinsey SCREAMS out.

She is nothing but pain. The ax rests in her hands as the blood drips. The wind rips across her hair as the broken girl becomes nothing but pain.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Die! Die!

Kinsey SCREAMS.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

All is still as the Man in the Mask lays in silence. The sun is rising, the sky slowly turning blue.

We hear one single BREATH through the filthy mask.

The gravel twists as he stands. The truck carrying Kinsey moves into the distance. The dark eyes watch it disappear.

Behind him the wreckage still sits. He sees the fires burning. We hear his BREATH as the world spins around him.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAWN

We see the Man walk in silence.

He climbs down the steps, the body of Pin Up in his hands.

SIRENS fill the distance. The police will be here soon.

The Man in Mask surveys the carnage. He looks at the blood on the ground where Dollface once laid.

But now she is gone. Only her knife remains.

We hear his BREATH. All is silent.

The Man in the Mask walks towards the trees.

CUT TO BLACK.

We hear a scream.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

There is a BREATH of air. A single BREATH.

KRISTEN opens her eyes.

All is dark, a single light from the hallway pours across the floor, spilling onto the bed where she lies. She does not move, instead we watch as her face fights the instant tears. We hear her BREATH. All is silent.

Her FATHER touches her hand. We hear his soft WHISPER.

DAD (O.S.)
It's alright.

Like a child, Kristen tries to raise up, her pale weak face barely able to handle its own weight. She tries to see him. We watch the middle-aged man lean over her, the wicker chair CREAKING beneath him.

DAD (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Don't try and talk. You're okay.

Kristen stares back at the man almost as if she does not recognize him. She feels his weathered hands graze her skin.

Her body is still covered in the signs of an attack. We see the deep scratches on her face, on her arms. We see the patches that are taped to her chest where they stabbed her.

DAD (CONT'D)
You're at home baby. Do you remember? It's okay.

Kristen nods her head slowly up and down. For the first time, some of the fear, the terror that stains her face drains away. She sees the signs of her childhood room. The faint traces of her life as it once was. Pictures on the wall.

In a distant corner of the room, just visible in the shadows, a photo of James rests on the dresser.

DAD (CONT'D)
Carol and I are making dinner. Do you want to try and eat something?

Kristen does not move. Instead, she only listens to the sound of her own BREATH. Her chest rising up and down.

DAD (CONT'D)
It'll get easier baby, I promise.

For a moment Kristen squeezes his hand. The wedding ring James had offered, still rests on her finger. Her father watches a single tear fall down his daughter's face.

DAD (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get you something to drink.
I'll only be down for a little bit.

Kristen nods her head as the old man stands. She watches his shadow fall over her face as he turns and shuffles out the door.

All is still. Kristen looks up at the ceiling above her. She sees the fan silently resting. The dust covering the blades. There is a spider web flowing from the light to the wall.

She has been gone a long time.

She hears her father walk down the old wooden stairs. She hears him speaking to her stepmother in the kitchen. Their VOICES are like memories, only faint traces of the words filter inside.

Near the doorway, there is a brand new walker sitting, waiting to be needed. In the hall she sees the edge of a banner taped to the wall. She can barely read the magic marker words...

Welcome Home!

Her father's VOICE calls out to her from downstairs.

DAD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Just a second, baby.

Slowly Kristen pushes herself up onto the pillows. She pulls back the blankets. Her bare legs still black and blue lay limp beneath her.

She slams her fists into the bed.

Her father's WHISTLE begins to float up towards her. She hears the familiar tune underneath his breath. She sees his shadow moving up the wall outside her door.

He is almost inside her room when they both hear it.

KNOCK. A single sound breaks the silence. She watches the dark outline of her dad stand, pausing just out of sight.

KNOCK.

Kristen does not react at first. She just watches her father's shape turn back downstairs. She hears him call out for Carol. She hears her stepmother's reluctant reply.

KNOCK. Again the deep BOOM fills the house.

We watch Kristen's eyes in the shadows as she turns her head. The familiar sound echoing through the walls.

KNOCK. KNOCK. She listens to her mother open the door as her father takes a couple of steps back towards the living room.

For a moment, there is silence.

Then Kristen hears the woman SCREAM.

Like a bolt of electricity through her body, Kristen's body jerks forward at the sound. She hears her father running down the stairs to the door. She hears her stepmother WAILING.

Her father screams out, first in anger, then in fear. Kristen's eyes never leave the doorway. Chaos.

SLAM. Suddenly, all is still.

A single BREATH. A SINGLE breath escapes Kristen's lips.

Silence. There are FOOTSTEPS down below. The sounds are like thunder. Kristen turns, forcing her body to move. One leg hits the floor, then another. She pulls the long weathered T-shirt down across her scarred body.

She tries to stand. Out the doorway, she hears nothing now.

KRISTEN
(whispers)
Dad...

But no sound can penetrate the silence.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
Dad...

Her voice CRACKS under its own weight. No response.

Her legs tremble beneath her. SLAM. We watch her weakened body collide with the dresser. CRASH. An avalanche of candles and flowers fall to the floor. Kristen spins back to the doorway.

Still, there is nothing. We hear her take a BREATH as she crawls towards the door, her knees scraping across the carpet.

Suddenly an explosion of sound. A phone RINGS beside her. Kristen collapses beside it trying desperately to stop the noise, she lifts the phone to her face crying out in her silent whisper.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Is Tamara home?

Kristen cannot help herself. The phone slams against the wall as if the plastic was burning into her skin. She hears the buzzing, the DIAL TONE vibrating through the receiver.

She reaches down and picks it up, turning it off in her hand.

RING. RING. Again the phone is full of life.

Kristen slides towards the light, each movement painful. The fear in her face. She is unable to stop her own trembling.

INT. HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

There are only a few feet to the empty staircase. Kristen peeks her head across the banister at the entryway.

She sees the door hanging open. The neighborhood outside finishing its night. A car passes on the empty street. She hears the brakes SQUEAL at the stop sign just down the road.

RING. RING. Kristen moves closer to the empty stairs. Suddenly she sees the bodies of her stepmother and her father laying on the ground.

She sees the blood. For a moment, there is only silence. Kristen's eyes move back and forth as she searches for somewhere to hide. Down below, there is no movement. No footsteps.

The open door sits there waiting. We watch her move forward. We hear her hands as they gently slap the wood of each single step. RING. Again the phone calls to her.

She almost cannot control herself as she moves down the wooden ledges. She is like a broken spider. She can barely keep herself from falling.

Each stair moves her closer. We hear her BREATHS but nothing else. More and more of the living room becomes clear through the old wood banisters.

She sees her empty living room. Across the couch, the TV is muted, but the images of *JUNO* flash across the screen.

The phone is silent now. She does not see them. Each step moves her closer to the bottom. Suddenly one hand slips and Kristen slides violently down the last few feet, unable to catch herself. We see the pain in her face.

Again a car passes. The passengers inside never see her, they never see the bodies. Kristen takes another step down. She is in the open, her body aching with every inch she crawls.

INT. HOUSE - ENTRY WAY - NIGHT

Silence. One hand touches the blood of her father. She sees into the kitchen. On the stove, sits a pot still boiling water.

The ice from the drink her father was bringing mixes into the red trail left behind. Kristen lies on the ground, her body beside those of her family. For a moment, she cannot move. She is completely empty as she stares into the nothingness.

All is silent. Nothing. SLAP. Kristen's hands pull her forward. She stretches out. The street is only a few feet away.

She tries to scream as the next car passes. She tries to call out, but no words escape. We watch her move forward. Again, the phone begins to RING. Over and over the sound vibrates around her, around the house.

She is almost there. The door hangs beside her, swinging back and forth so slightly in the breeze. She can hear the hinges CREAKING even as her own BREATH fills her head.

She does not see him standing there.

She does not see the ax in his hand. She does not see the mask.

For one last moment, Kristen McKay creeps forward. Her body in pain, the blood seeping once again from the wounds that had not healed. She struggles forward, her hands covered in blood.

There is a sound, a WHOOSH. The wind cut in half as the blade moves down. In an instant it strikes her.

In an instant, her body slams to the ground.

She never sees him. She never screams.

For a few seconds, the Man in the Mask stands over her. We can hear his BREATHS pouring through the mask. He turns up as Dollface emerges from the shadows of the house.

Dollface places the phone in her pocket as they pass the family and move to the door. No one stops to look back, no one stops to see what they have done. Outside, the truck RUMBLES to life.

We hear the wind blow in the trees. Dogs BARKING back and forth.

For a moment all is still, and then Kristen dies.

The End.